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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HAVING politely apologised for their outrages on American and British ships in the Yangtse, the Japanese are now engaged in a new and bolder aggression at Shanghai. Their intention is, in fact, what it was from the outset, to instal themselves as masters of the International Settlement. On Tuesday the Municipal Council (which consists of five Britons, two Americans, two Japanese and five Chinese) was presented with a list of stiff demands relating to the police force and to administrative appointments, coupled with a threat of the army itself taking action to enforce order in the Settlement. On Wednesday the Japanese planted censors in the principal cable companies' offices and took over the operation of the radio stations. Outward messages have not been interfered with as yet; but how long this immunity will last nobody knows. The Municipal Council, of course, can do nothing beyond appealing to the British and American Governments. And what can or will those Governments do?

The Battle for Teruel

Waged savagely in knee-deep snow, the battle on the wind-swept plateau of Teruel continues as we write, with fluctuating fortunes for either side. Having occupied the town, the Government forces have apparently succeeded in reducing one by one the rebel strongholds in the church of Santa Clara, the municipal offices and other fortified buildings; but insurgent relief columns, with strong artillery support, have recaptured the part of the Muela hill and the village of Concud, to the south-west and west of Teruel. All insurgent attempts, however, to re-enter the town have been repulsed, and Salamanca, after premature claims that Teruel was a "brooch clasping the chain of victories" for Franco, now admits that its mechanised forces are encountering "difficulties" owing to the weather. Casualties on both sides appear to have been heavy. They have included, unhappily, three press correspondents—Mr. Sheepshanks of Reuter's and two American colleagues—killed by a shell which burst near their car behind the rebel front.

M. Goga Gets to Work

The new Rumanian Government has lost no time in baring its teeth; how hard it is going to bite we do not yet know. There is no doubt about the anti-Semitic sentiments of M. Goga and his colleagues, and the air is thick with talk of purges and persecutions. A decree is expected shortly on the Nazi model, forbidding Jews to employ Aryan servants under 40, and this may be followed by other indignities and brutalities. So far as foreign

policy is concerned, the Government is for the moment showing circumspection. The Foreign Minister declared on Tuesday that Rumania would be loyal to her alliances with France, Poland, the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. King Carol, no doubt, has something to do with this; he is ready enough to play at dictatorship himself, but reluctant to be the pawn of Hitler and Mussolini. There has been, indeed, a very cordial exchange of messages between M. Goga and the Duce; but there is anxiety behind the scenes both in Rome and in Berlin. The National Christian Government has, of course, no widespread popular support in Rumania, and it is not on terms with the more ferocious and formidable Fascists of the Iron Guard.

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King Farouk has won the first round in his contest with the Egyptian Government. Nahas Pasha was peremptorily dismissed last week, and a new Cabinet was promptly formed by Mohamed Pasha Mahmud. Mahmud Pasha is an able man, and an Anglophil. In his earlier Radical phase he was one of Zaghlul's most ardent lieutenants. In more recent years he squared his Liberal views with a spell of autocratic government. He professes now to be going to govern constitutionally; but he has no support to speak of in the present Parliament, and we should be surprised if a dissolution and a general election gave him a majority, for the country, so far as we can judge, is pretty solidly behind the Wafd. He has got no farther at present than ordering the disbandment of the Blueshirt organisation (a step which does not shock us, though it may anger the Wafd), and proroguing the Parliament in an uproar. The Wafd meanwhile has expelled from its membership Dr. Ahmed Maher and several of his colleagues who are at loggerheads with Nahas Pasha. These dissidents, however, are not supporters of Mahmud; they are apparently thinking of forming a new Wafdist party of their own. And so, in an atmosphere of comparative calm, the politicians manoeuvre for positions, and the King prepares for his marriage a fortnight hence.

The Palestine White Paper

"Hasten slowly" is a good motto; but there are times when the pace of the tortoise wants speeding up. For many months the Government has sat watching the deadlock in disorder in Palestine, making no move to appoint the promised "further commission of inquiry." At last they have moved. The technical Commission (personnel not yet known) is to go out to Palestine—in March, it is understood—to re-examine the position, and it will be empowered to propose modifications in the Partition Scheme. That is what was expected, and it is proper enough; it was obvious that the original scheme would have to be amended in important details—boundaries, transfer of populations, finance and so on. But it will be unfortunate if all this is to be the prelude to the further long delay, which Mr. Ormsby-Gore apparently envisages, before the Government makes up its mind finally about its policy. There is a curious note of un-uncertainty about the White Paper. There seems to be a doubt even as to whether the Government still holds to the principle of Partition. That doubt will, we hope, be dispelled as soon as possible. No more practicable solution of the problem has been put forward in all the brouhaha since the Peel Report; and there is no reason to believe that the new Commission could evolve one. It will in any case have a stiff and complicated task. And a new complication will be introduced if the Zionists press the demand for a Jewish State in Palestine "within the framework of the British Commonwealth."

U.S. Foreign Policy

The passages dealing with foreign affairs in the Presidential message at the reopening of Congress suggest that Mr. Roosevelt has listened very hard to the expressions of popular opinion produced by his Chicago speech and decided to soft-pedal the music, so far as suggestions of international co-operation are concerned. His claim that peace is safest in the hands of democratic Governments, and most seriously jeopardised by nations where democracy has been discarded, provoked angry comments from the totalitarian capitals, but it was clearly intended mainly for domestic consumption—as an assurance to the people of the United States that they would not be involved in war if the Government at Washington could help it. His insistence that America must be "adequately strong for self-defence" may be taken as foreshadowing increased appropriations for naval building and as an answer to "provocations which in other days, because of their seriousness, could well have engendered war." But the "Panay" is not the "Maine"; America's veterans of the last war have cashed their bonuses and are not eager to earn more, nor to pull British chestnuts out of the Far Eastern fire. The note sounded at Chicago—that there must be "positive efforts" by the democratic countries acting in concert to preserve peace—was conspicuously absent from the message.

President and Big Business

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Dr. Schacht on "Autarkie"

Dr. Schacht has become a great deal more outspoken in his criticisms of Nazi policy since he ceased to be Minister of Economics in the Nazi Cabinet. In his latest article he makes a strong pronouncement against the policy of *Autarkie*, and emphasises the point that exclusion from world trade involves a fall in the standard of living, because it forfeits the advantages of international specialisation. "Periods of flourishing foreign trade," Dr. Schacht declares, "have always been periods of progress in civilisation." It does not, however, appear that the German Government is likely to become a convert to the former Minister's views. The intense development of the armament industries has increased Germany's industrial profits and the yield of taxes, but wage-standards remain exceedingly low. No official figures are available after the end of 1936, but at that date money wages had fallen about 22 per cent. on the average below the levels of 1930, and appreciably more in the case of skilled workers. Real wages, according to the official figures of the cost of living, have not declined so much, but even they were down by about 10 per cent. at the end of 1936. In effect, it is possible for German industry to boom under the system of *autarkie*; but this does not invalidate Dr. Schacht's point that the boom co-exists with a serious fall in the standard of living of the German workers.

Unemployment and Public Works

The mid-December unemployment figures, showing an increase of 166,000 in the numbers out of work at a time when pre-Christmas activity normally leads to a seasonal decrease are evidence that at least a moderate trade setback has already developed. Last month's increase was due in part to the fact that the count was taken on a day when weather conditions caused temporary stoppages in all outdoor occupations; but, even so, the figures, showing an increase of 356,000 workless in comparison with August, should cause the Government to pay attention to the demands of Mr. Keynes and other leading economists that no time should be lost in working out in the fullest possible detail plans for public works, to be instituted as soon as there are clear signs of a serious fall in the volume of employment. Mr. Keynes has had very much the better of his controversy in the *Times* with Sir Charles Mallet over this question. It is nonsense to contend that public works, if they are properly planned in advance, cannot offset declining employment. But the proviso is important; for it is perfectly true that works undertaken in a hurry without advance planning are liable to be wasteful, and thus to discredit the whole idea of evening out the demand for labour between good and bad times. It is already too late to make any adequate plans for public works to be carried out in the immediate future; but nearly all economists agree that on present indications 1939 and 1940 are likely to be worse years from the standpoint of employment than 1938. It is therefore a matter of extreme urgency that the preparation of plans should be undertaken at once, and also, as Mr. Keynes points out, that more adequate information concerning the probable trends of employment—for example, building contracts placed, or plans passed—should be made available.

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THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

THE Queen of England, said Disraeli a century ago, reigns over two nations—the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor. The gulf between them has not been closed under her successor to-day. But it has been narrowed at some points, and no one would deny the vast improvement in the condition of the children in particular. Those concerned about child welfare, whether as educationists, humanitarians or reformers—or revolutionaries for that matter, for diseased and weakly children are not the stuff of which to make a new social order—will find much encouragement in the latest Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education (*The Health of the School Child*). It is encouraging for two reasons. Not only do Sir Arthur MacNalty and his colleagues record the progress that is being made. They show little of that complacency which is often so conspicuous in Whitehall; they point to gaps and lags in the progress, and to evils that need to be combated by more energetic action.

The Report, as its title implies, covers a wide field—medical inspection and treatment, dentistry, the teaching of hygiene, physical education, nursery schools, holiday camps and, last but not least, nutrition. Nutrition in fact is put first in the Report, and rightly so, since as Sir Arthur MacNalty says, "it was long ago realised that for a child to derive proper advantages from education its body must be properly nourished." And it is now being recognised by the enthusiasts for physical training that an ill-fed child is no more fit for jerks than for geography. What, then, have the facts and figures to tell us about the nutrition of the elementary school children of to-day—or, to be exact, of 1936, since that is the year which the report deals with? A nutritional assessment was made of nearly $1\frac{3}{4}$ million children in three age-groups. Of this total 14.6 per cent. were classed as "excellent" (A), 74.2 per cent. as "normal" (B), 10.5 per cent. as "slightly subnormal" (C), and 0.7 per cent. as "bad" (D). These figures coincide very closely with those of 1935. London, it is interesting to notice, makes a better showing than the country as a whole; the L.C.C. schools' figures are 16.66 per cent. (A), 77.35 (B), 5.92 (C), and .07 (D). On the other hand, there are many black spots in the Special Areas, as we should expect; in Merthyr Tydfil, for example, the percentage of (C) rose from 11.3 in 1935 to 26.4 in 1936, and at Hebburn the (D) percentage from 1.7 in 1935 to 3.5 in 1936. But why should Birmingham show, as it does, a big increase in the number of "slightly subnormal" and "bad"? How far are these assessments and classifications to be relied on? Complaints have been made of them not only by laymen but by medical officers themselves, and it is evident from the Report that Whitehall is not easy about the matter.

The attitude and practice of different doctors inevitably vary, and the examining medical officer is often "tempted," as one of them puts it, to give children on the border line the benefit of the doubt, and so to increase the "C" and "D" groups, in order that they may qualify for free milk in school. We wish that many more of the doctors would succumb to this temptation! The Board of Education will not plead guilty to the charge that it aims at restricting the numbers of children fed at school. The Board's aim, the Report declares, is that "as many children as possible should attain an optimum nutrition." But, it observes, this optimum nutrition depends largely on other factors besides diet—sleep, decent housing, sunlight, exercise and a happy school and home life. That is no doubt true, and it may not therefore be correct to assume that all those "C" and "D" children in England and Wales, totalling nearly 200,000, are underfed or improperly fed. On the other hand, as the Report admits, "it may be so." And may it not also be the fact that some—perhaps a very large number—of the "B," or "normal," class are underfed or improperly fed? Here, if the Board is blameless, it is the local authorities who are at fault. That is plainly the view of Sir Arthur MacNalty, for he records his regret at the decline in the percentage of children receiving meals in some areas where the provision was already "so much below the probable needs."

The number of children receiving free solid meals in 1936–7 fell slightly as compared with the previous year, and it has presumably continued to fall with the general industrial improvement. The number receiving milk, either free or under the halfpenny per one-third of a pint scheme, increased from 2,406,000 in March, 1936, to 2,510,000 in March, 1937. Is this to be regarded as good or bad? Bad, surely—not because the number has increased, but because it has increased by so little. The fault does not lie entirely with the local authorities. About 93 per cent. of the elementary school children in England and Wales are in schools where facilities are provided under the scheme. If those who get free milk are disregarded, less than a half of the remainder who would buy it at the reduced rate fail to do so. And so, the Report suggests, the root of the trouble is "not the absence of facilities but indifference on the part of parents and distaste for milk on the part of the children." This, the Board hopes, may be overcome by the spread of information, which will teach the parents (if not the children) to appreciate the value of milk. We share that hope; but we continue to believe that it is the financial difficulty, and not merely the indifference of the parents, which prevents a multitude of children from getting the milk they need—and would willingly drink. There is a significant passage in the Report quoted from Dr. Llewellyn of Port Talbot:

> The greatest variation in consumption is amongst those children who have to pay for their milk. The 2½*d.* is not always available on the Monday when the child sets out for school; and one must remember that many of these are children of parents whose family income is such that they fall just outside the scale of income which decides whether the milk is to be given free or not.

Is Port Talbot unique in this respect, we wonder? Is not this border-line between necessitousness and independence a cause of widespread trouble, to parents, children, doctors, teachers and administrators?

Nor is this all. There are school medical officers who urge what many of us have urged from the outset, that the amount of milk supplied under the Government's niggling scheme—one-third of a pint per day—is not enough. On the basis of the findings of the Advisory Committee on Nutrition and other expert investigators, the desirable minimum standard for a child of 5 to 14 years of age is one pint a day. There are working-class households where the children get as much as that, but

there are vast numbers where they fall lamentably short of it. The reports of some of the medical officers which are quoted by Sir Arthur MacNalty add to the mass of evidence on this point, and the "nutrition surveys," which various local authorities are conducting, will continue to pile up their witness.

This Report then, while it takes a proper pride in what is being done for the health of the school child, is eloquent also on what is not being done. It cannot disguise the facts and the consequences of poverty. Many reforms are called for. The dental service, for example, is woefully bad in many areas. The supply of nursery schools is far behind what is wanted. Mr. Lindsay, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board, in his speech at University College on Monday spoke of the "tragic shortage" of playing fields and gymnasiums and swimming baths and opportunities for physical exercise. All these things are urgent. But none is more urgent than the reform, which means the extension, as well as the improvement in quality, of school meals and school milk. No one expects the nation of the rich, a Conservative Government and the local authorities, to solve the problem of poverty. But we can demand from them a far more strenuous and honest attempt to remedy the mischief of malnutrition. The ill-fed school child is not only a scandal, but a false economy. He profits nobody.

SOCIALIST STRIKE-BREAKERS?

LET me try to get this straight. I have been hearing some extraordinary talk since last Wednesday, when the strike in the public services of Paris broke out with such suddenness—only to end, with equal suddenness, less than 24 hours later. On the one side: "Blum is becoming a Bloody Noske; I do hope the soldiers running the buses and metros will fraternise with the workers"; "Chautemps is a Fascist, and so are his Socialist Ministers." On the other side: "It's a Communist plot." "The Reds want Chaos and Revolution in France." "Dissatisfied with Delbos's foreign policy, Moscow is blackmailing France into a change of policy." I cannot find any of these "explanations" in the least satisfactory. To try to understand what happened last Wednesday it is necessary to distinguish between the remote and indirect causes of the public services strike—that is, its political and economic background—and its immediate causes, together with the peculiar circumstances in which it was called.

The principal indirect causes were: the perpetuation of the "pause," the increasingly high cost of living, the aggressive attitude of certain employers who were beginning to feel that they were at last recovering some of the ground they had lost to labour in 1936; and above all, perhaps, the widespread conviction that the "liberal economy" of M. Bonnet was not creating anything that looked like real prosperity. There was a growing feeling among the C.G.T. (who had never been enthusiastic about it), and this feeling was openly vented in the Budget debates by the Socialist back-benchers at the Chamber in December—that "liberal economy" was a capitalist fetish, and that exchange control would remedy many of the ills from which the working class were suffering; and it was, indeed, widely felt among the working class that without exchange control the "pause" would last for ever. About a fortnight ago I saw M. Marceau Pivert, the Left-wing Socialist (and, incidentally, anti-Communist), who represents one of the more extreme revolutionary traditions of the Paris working class. (He has been for years the leader of the anti-Blum opposition in the Socialist Party.) And Marceau Pivert said that "the Paris working class were at last beginning to wake up—*et on verra ce qu'on verra.*"

Now, it is important to distinguish between three elements in the C.G.T.: the professional trade unionists of the Belin school, who resent the infiltration of party politics into trade unionism (these, whether they like it or not, are considered the "right wing" of the C.G.T.); the Communists, who have "colonised" the C.G.T. to an extent which has greatly alarmed the first group, but who are essentially opportunist; and, finally, a very important element, especially among the rank-and-file, who have no very definite political label, but who, like many friends of M. Marceau Pivert, may be regarded as belonging to the old anarcho-syndicalist tradition, and, in short, to the revolutionary tradition of Paris. Many of these elements are opposed to the Communists, whom they consider completely opportunist. Above all these different groups hovers M. Jouhaux, trying his best to play off one tendency against another.

Shortly before Christmas there was an outbreak of strikes—a stay-in strike at the Goodrich Tyre Works; an attempted stay-in strike in the department stores; stay-in strikes in a number of warehouses belonging to the bigger Paris food shops; and, most important of all, the strike in commercial transport (including the transport and distribution of newspapers). In this case some of the garages were "occupied." The Goodrich strike led to a significant incident. The Government decided, in accordance with assurances given to the Radical Party, and in accordance with what had been successfully tried out on a small scale elsewhere, to evacuate the works *manu militare*, that is, with the use of the police. But before the police had arrived, the building was surrounded by hundreds of workers from neighbouring factories; and, to avoid bloodshed, the police were obliged to retreat. It was not until several days later that M. Chautemps obtained, by negotiation, the voluntary evacuation of the works. The C.G.T. has declared itself opposed to forced evacuations; and here already is a rich field for a conflict between the C.G.T. and the Radicals.

The commercial transport strike was an even more serious matter. The workers, clearly, had a serious grievance. Their employers were as dictatorial as they could possibly be; and showed a clear determination to restore the "divine right of the boss" when they informed the Government that they would sack anyone they pleased—and, in fact, made no secret of their intention of sacking all the men they considered responsible for the strike. As I write, this strike is still in progress, and the employers have not given way. In fact, they feel that the Government has been very nice to them by breaking the strike.

For it so happened that this strike broke out at a time which, from the point of view of the Paris consumer, was particularly unfortunate: right in the middle of the Christmas rush. Turkeys and geese and champagne and everything else were brought to Paris by the several hundred army lorries, placed—as the *Humanité* grimly put it—at the disposal of the Fascist bosses. These lorries also transported the newspapers. In short, Paris spent a merry Christmas, almost completely unaware of the transport strike.

This was certain to produce some unpleasant reactions among the working class; and the unions representing the public services reacted, first by threatening a "solidarity" strike, if army lorries continued to be used for strike-breaking; and then—and this, I think, was a colossal tactical error on their part—because the Paris Town Council had increased their cost-of-living allowance by only 50 francs a month, instead of 100. And, on Tuesday night, it was precisely over this question of 50 francs, *and without any reference to the army lorries*, that the strike was suddenly called. The Paris population, finding itself, on a bitterly cold day, deprived of its buses and its Metro, and completely unaware of the bigger issue of the army lorries, genuinely objected to being put to all this trouble and inconvenience over a matter of 50 francs—a question which could certainly have been settled by negotiation. In the circumstances, there is not the slightest doubt that M. Chautemps could rely, in taking a "strong line," on

the full support of a disgruntled public opinion. The responsible trade union leaders, belonging to the Bureau of the C.G.T., aware of the bad tactical error the local unions (the Intersyndical) had made, first in giving a feeble excuse for the strike, and secondly, in antagonising the man in the street, hastened to reach an arrangement which would enable them to call off the strike with the minimum loss of prestige. It was a bad strike in any case, for it had the public against it; and it had been mismanaged from the start.

Now, it is a great question what would have happened if the strike had not been so mismanaged. Would the C.G.T. have yielded as readily to M. Chautemps as they appear to have yielded? For, in the "popular" view, the end of the strike was a triumph for Chautemps's "firm manner." The main facts are familiar. On the day of the strike the Government met, and after 3½ hours of painful negotiations between the Radicals and the Socialists the following unanimous declaration was made:

> Conscious of its responsibilities, the Government is unanimously resolved not to tolerate a stoppage in the public services.

And after appealing to the workers to resume work without delay, the statement said:

> The Cabinet Council has unanimously decided to maintain order and to see that the functioning of the indispensable public services is assured.

It was a challenge to the public services. And one may well imagine the qualms the Socialist Ministers were obliged to overcome during those 3½ hours. Had they not maintained for years that the strike of the civil servants was legal? (No doubt, they were pretty sure that the strikers would yield; but still—).

And yet, Blum's reasoning must have been something like this: the Government in office cannot afford to let the public services go smash. Had it not already supplied the Halles with food brought there in army lorries? And, above all, was not the whole world looking at Paris, and were not the German and Italian papers already speaking with glee of the "paralysis of France," and of a coming revolution in Paris? I am convinced that, in the last resort, the international argument again proved decisive in Blum's mind—as it had already done in June, when he entered the Chautemps Government, and on other occasions, when he refused, for the sake of British friendship, to adopt exchange control.

Even so, the Socialists felt uneasy about it; and after the Cabinet meeting M. Dormoy and two other Socialist Ministers conferred with the C.G.T., and gave them various assurances about the 50 francs. It is clear that M. Chautemps knew all about these conversations, though, nominally, he is supposed to have stuck to his decision not to negotiate personally until the strike was called off. At the same time, the Socialists, feeling rather guilty, seem to have promised the C.G.T. more than what M. Chautemps had authorised them to promise; or else their words were misinterpreted by the Public Services Unions, who, in a triumphant communiqué the next day, claimed to have won a complete victory. Only the alleged victory related to the 50 francs, and when the strike was called off nothing had been settled about the army lorries that had been strike-breaking in the commercial transport strike. This "strike-breaking" has been going on as before, and is becoming a big political issue. It might before now have led to grave trouble but for the immense authority of the army in every Frenchman's eyes. As for the 50 francs, the question is still going to be "arbitrated."

When, in 1910, Briand broke the railway strike which, he claimed, was "leaving the frontier open," with the use of the army, he was nearly lynched by the Socialists at the Chamber. I do not think Blum will be lynched. It was a bad and unpopular strike—unpopular even with the rank and file of the bus drivers and conductors, who knew how badly it had all been mismanaged by the extremists, like M. Pommier, in the local unions, who had called the strike without even consulting the responsible leaders of the C.G.T. But one may well wonder whether the Socialists were right to subscribe to the Chautemps communiqué. No doubt, it helped to settle the strike; but was it not an ideological surrender of the first magnitude? We shall probably hear a great deal more about the Chautemps communiqué, and it may well become a milestone in the history of French Socialism. No doubt, Blum was lucky not to have been faced with a public services strike while his own Government was in office: it was the one ordeal from which Jouhaux (who, this time, was not in Paris) was determined to save the Blum Government. Perhaps the fundamental reason why the Socialists acted in this strange way was that, in their view, France cannot indulge in revolutionary movements and other dangerous experiments so long as the present international situation lasts. This point of view may be defended; and yet it is doubtful whether the Paris working class will accept it as an excuse for making new surrenders. It will be surprising if 1938 proves a year of great labour calm in France.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January 4th.

A LONDON DIARY

I THOUGHT the New Year's Honours List decidedly on the dull side. Does it perhaps reflect the difference in Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Baldwin's taste in these matters? The peers—one read the names at breakfast and forgot them by lunch time, except, of course, Lord Nuffield's, who gets a step up. But if the munificence of his benefactions has anything to do with it, ought not he to be in a class by himself—say, an Archduke? Among the commoner crowd there is the usual number of titles, orders and whatnots "for political and public services"—with the emphasis more often than not on the "political" rather than the "public." The arts and learning are not very prominent. Harriet Cohen's and Gracie Fields' honours are a tribute to music makers of divergent genius, Mr. H. A. Gwynne's to a distinguished journalist, the former editor of the *Morning Post*. Mr. Kenneth Clark, the young director of the National Gallery, gets a knighthood, and so do several academic personages, such as the Vice-Chancellor of Reading University and the Provost of Oriel. Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, the Master of Peterhouse, becomes a peer, but whether this is in recognition of his being the head of a college, or of his having been Commander-in-Chief in India from 1925–1930, I do not know. Politically, the most important name in the list is that of Sir Robert Vansittart. The interest here lies not in his G.C.B. and what he has done to get it, but in what he is going to do in the newly created post of Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Cabinet. His work, we are told, as Permanent Under-Secretary of State has been too heavy, and he will now have more freedom from administrative detail, and be of more value as an expert consultant to the Foreign Secretary and the Cabinet. I hope that this is the true, as well as the official, reason for Sir Robert's transmogrification, and that there is nothing in the tales one hears of differences of opinion, intrigues or changes of Government policy.

* * *

The K.C.B. given to Mr. Kenneth Clark is a well-timed honour. I have been watching with cynical amusement the attacks upon him for the purchase of the Giorgione panels. The campaign opened with a letter from Mr. Borenius suggesting that the panels were by Palma Vecchio, because of their resemblance to a picture in Germany by this artist. In fact the panels bear no resemblance, except in subject matter, to this picture; furthermore, there is no reason to believe this picture is by Palma Vecchio; and Mr. Borenius, it is said, has himself now abandoned this impulsive attribution. Next came a letter from Mr. Bell, an ex-museum official, belittling the panels because they were originally painted on a musical instrument, and suggesting that they ought, therefore, to be not in the National Gallery but in the Victoria and Albert Museum. And now the clamour is that they had previously

been sold for a much smaller sum than the £14,000 paid for them. There is no reason to believe that the vendor would have sold them for less—he knew he had something exceptional—and the price does not seem to me excessive. Far higher prices have been paid by the National Gallery for less beautiful pictures. What interests me most is the curious aesthetic insensibility shown by most of those who complain. Whether these pictures are by Giorgione I do not know, and neither does anyone else. But they are profoundly beautiful pictures with a poetic quality to be found in only a very few works painted in Venice during Giorgione's short career. How is it that some experts do not perceive this exceptional beauty? I have a theory that it is because they know and care so little about contemporary painting. In judging a modern work one has only one's sensibility to depend upon, but the expert that is concerned only with Old Masters comes to trust X-rays, the analysis of pigment and anything except the genuine aesthetic emotion. The Director of the National Gallery is known to be intensely interested in modern painting, and I believe this has much to do with the excellence of the various purchases he has sponsored. Incidentally, no English dealer or expert collected a penny on the Giorgione purchase, which accounts for a good deal of hostile criticism. And the concentration of the attacks upon Sir Kenneth Clark personally, instead of upon the body of trustees who were responsible for the purchase, is due largely to the jealousy and animosity of one individual.

* * *

The inauguration of the B.B.C.'s daily short-wave transmission in Arabic was a dignified, not to say solemn, affair, with ceremonial messages to Near Eastern listeners from the Director-General and various Arabian "eminences" prefacing a violin recital, Arab music, and a news bulletin whose objectivity was such that it included the scarcely popular item that an Arab had been executed in Palestine for being in possession of arms. The Bari station appears to have endeavoured, with some success, to distract attention from the British programme by broadcasting simultaneously—though on its own wavelength—a notably popular singer; but there have so far been no indications of Italian attempts to "jam" the B.B.C. transmission. The effects of the British broadcasts in the Near East may ultimately be useful, but it seems clear that there is little prospect of a cessation of anti-British propaganda from Bari. Signor Gayda has hastened to tell his fellow countrymen that the B.B.C.'s intentions are "declaredly hostile," and the Italian press denounces "Radio Eden" as a fresh stage in "war by wireless" aimed against Italy. Since we shall in any case be damned by Bari for sins which we have not committed, the B.B.C. might well be tempted to put down a real barrage of counter-propaganda and let Italy "have it." A trenchant exposure of the brutal mis-government and economic impoverishment of Abyssinia would not be without effect in the Arab countries which Italy is so sedulously courting. On the whole, however, it is probably better policy in the long run to refuse to be drawn into an international slanging match over the ether. As a nation we do not excel in vituperation. The trouble is that though truth is great, it is apt to prevail against unscrupulous propaganda when "none care whether it prevail or not." With Germany irate because the Czech Government has established a station broadcasting in German to the Sudetendeutsch minority, and all the totalitarian States aroused to fury by President Roosevelt's broadcast defence of democracy, the wireless is in danger of becoming, like the aeroplane, a curse of civilisation.

* * *

The end-year issue of *The Bookseller*, with its annual statistics of book production, always sets me searching for correlations between the curve of published literary output and that of the general trade cycle. Actually there are resemblances and discrepancies. Between 1929 and 1930, when the industrial slump was getting under way, production of books rose sharply from under 13,000 to about 15,500. World depression arrested the rising book curve at this peak, but output was not curtailed in a degree comparable with that of industry: the slump nadir, in 1933, was still over 14,500. By 1936, "recovery" had carried book production up with it to 16,944—a figure swollen doubtless by the great increase in the numbers of sixpenny editions—but during the last two years the curve has shown signs of flattening out, and the 1937 total shows a gain of only 193 on the year. Fiction actually recorded in 1937 a drop of 209. Much closer correlation with the trade cycle is to be found, oddly enough, in the figures for children's books published. If one ignores a downward fluctuation in 1935, they conform very closely to the general trend of economic activity between 1929 and 1936; and their curve also shows a significant flattening last year. Incidentally, I wish I knew what percentage of the books published show a profit to their publishers. One has a shrewd suspicion that profits on the 25 per cent., representing successful "swings," have to balance losses on the 75 per cent. of "roundabouts" which fail to attract the public's fancy.

* * *

A fascinating collection of pretentious prose could be made from the fan-writing of those who discourse aesthetically on common enjoyments. *Wine and Food*, the gastronome's quarterly, usually contains some gem of appreciation in terms of sunsets or love. Mr. Neville Cardus describes Test Matches as though they were Beethoven symphonies. Bullfights, to the highbrow, now rival the ballet. I should like to see this principle extended to some other minor arts—the art, shall we say, of the confidence trickster. There is a whole jargon already in existence which only awaits a pen. Then we might read in our evening paper of *veronicas* in Soho, when the "steamer" (the victim) after being "steered" (picked up) by one performer and "played" (told the tale) by another, finally has his "okey" (or wallet) taken out of "the safe" (his inside waistcoat pocket). These movements, and the parts played by the two men, are in fact rehearsed and rigidly formal. Even the lowest form of wallet-snatching known as "the gob" has its ritual. At about 7 p.m. two men (the number is invariable) await their victim, who should be if possible in evening dress; when he approaches he is followed, and one of the men, who has been chewing some frothy sweet, neatly aims a gob in the middle of his back. The gentleman's attention is then drawn to this and while he tries to squint over his shoulder he is manoeuvred into an adjacent public lavatory where his coat is brushed and his pocket picked at the same time. This method, requiring a high degree of skill is, I am told, practised with fair success. POLYCRITIC

I DEMAND THE ULTIMATE DEATH

(Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Altolaguirre)

I DEMAND the ultimate death of this war
because to look at myself in the current
like a grievous body mortified
I wish, as the tree they rob of its fruits,
tearing out its branches
and profiting from its trunk made a log. . . .

And if I cannot see myself
if only my roots remain;
if the birds seek vainly
the place of their nests
in the sad absences of my arms,
then, from the depths,
with the silence of the Spring,
will pour forth from the earth like lament
insinuations of verdure and life.
I shall be that multitude of adolescents,
that crown of laurel which binds
the trunk struck down by the axe.
Multiplied life from death.
Multiple are the rays of dawn. STEPHEN SPENDER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. A. H. Cousins.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The millions of money which should have been spent on maintaining our armed forces in the past 15 years have been wasted on social services, and now that we are forced to re-arm at a rapid pace, we are not only having to pay high prices, but we are having to borrow to meet the bill.—*Evening Standard.*

To turn out every week and present arms in peace time. That, in my opinion, is the real epitome of that often-quoted phrase, to live for one's country.—Mr. Godfrey Winn in *Daily Mirror.*

The fact that the civil war in Spain may end in famine and epidemic disease is a dangerous possibility to us, and the slaughter and laying waste of China is of no less consequence.

There's no need, of course, to be solemn about it. Let us keep ourselves fit and amused in the New Year by playing and watching clean games in our favourite sports. But let us also wish for a Good New Year for our neighbours.—*Lyons Menu Card.*

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

NOTE.—Organisers of events are invited to send early notification of their intentions so that the same may be included in Forthcoming Events. Clashing of events may thus, to some extent, be avoided. —*Malvern Gazette.*

GERMANY LOOKS AT DENMARK

LIVING in Denmark, as I have done for the past year, only serves to increase respect for its people. It is, after all, possible for human beings to govern themselves wisely and well and deal with the outside world in a courteous and dignified manner. The essential health and sanity of the Danes and their instinctive aversion to bombast and heroics is apt to blind one to their very real courage.

Over the border lies Nazi Germany; and the Danes, going quietly about their business, are deeply conscious of this fact. Some of them shrug their shoulders fatalistically—"If they come, they come; what can we do about it?" Others, equally willing to admit the hopelessness of resisting, think they would prefer to die fighting rather than come under the Nazi rod—an attitude which anyone familiar with the totally different atmosphere and conditions in the two countries finds it difficult to condemn. University students from the south of Jutland have tales to tell of the attempts at impertinent penetration in that region, nor is Nazi propaganda wholly lacking elsewhere in Denmark. But perhaps incidents like the following are even more irritating to intelligent Danes.

Elias Bredsdorff is a capable young man who is studying English at the University. He has already translated one of Lawrence's novels into Danish, and has written a book on the political implications of his work, besides taking an active part in what might be termed the "intellectual" side of the Left movement. He was chosen by the League of Nations Students' Union of Denmark to attend the recent Summer School for the Study of Central European Problems, held in Tatra, and sponsored by the Czech Government, the League of Nations Union, and the Central European Institute for Economic and Cultural Rapprochement. He crossed Germany, unmolested on the trip down, attended the conference, and proceeded back across Germany, alighting on German soil only long enough to change trains in Berlin.

A few yards from the ferry boat in Warnemunde, which plies between the German coast and Gedser, the German customs officer aboard asked to see his luggage. He willingly co-operated in a rather thorough inspection and had just rearranged himself when the officer returned with a plain clothes man and ordered him and all his luggage off the train.

For the next two hours he was subjected to the indignity of having not only his luggage rifled, and all his personal letters read, but was ordered to strip and stand naked while everything from his shoes to his hat band was gone over with the energy that no one but a petty official can muster. Meantime he was pelted with questions, comical rather than embarrassing, of which the following may serve as examples.

"What have you been discussing at this conference?"

"Central Europe."

"Ah, then you have been discussing Germany."

"No, only incidentally."

"What? You do not discuss Germany? But Germany is Central Europe."

A careful perusal of the résumés of the conference speeches that he had with him failed to produce anything to which they could take exception, but several copies of the moderate *Prager Presse* gave them the excuse they were looking for. Didn't he know that it was illegal to bring a Czech paper into Germany? No, he did not know, and in any event it was obvious that he had no intention of distributing them in Germany; they were in the bottom of his trunk and he was almost at the border.

This explanation was ignored and he was marched off to the police station, where, in the course of an argument as to which authority should feed him, he realised for the first time that he was actually in the hands of the Gestapo; for the policeman on ordering a meal to be sent in specified that the bill was to go to the Gestapo office.

His demand for a wire to be sent to his wife, explaining his delay, was at first categorically refused, but when after cooling his heels for two hours in the police station, he coupled the request with "or else I demand the Danish Consul," they agreed. A wire would be sent (in German), and a few minutes later they assured him that it was on its way. On his return to Copenhagen, however, he found that no wire had reached his wife.

The police seemed restless at his presence and finally phoned the Gestapo to come and get him, explaining naively that he understood German and anyhow it was not their affair. Retrieved by still another official he was returned to Gestapo headquarters and left to wait again. After several hours an effusively genial man entered, and assuring him that he had nothing to do with all this business and that his only wish was to entertain him, proceeded with a chummy and thinly disguised inquiry which started off with "Now just what have you been doing, Mr. Bredsdorff?"

At eight o'clock that evening the same man returned, no longer chummy but undisguisedly an officer of the Gestapo, to escort him aboard the ferry boat; all attempts to produce sufficient evidence for holding him having failed. He informed him in a businesslike way that he was not to enter Germany again.

As he had not eaten since noon, when the combined efforts of the police and the Gestapo had produced an inferior meal, he inquired once more about food and cigarettes. But certainly, he could eat immediately he was on the boat. The Danish officers, however, explained that by German law they were liable to a fine of five hundred kroner if they served him before the boat sailed that morning at two-thirty. They were sorry. Perhaps the Nazis were hoping to kill a second bird with their stone, and he willingly went without food until they cleared port.

It has been discovered that the Danish law officer, whose sole function on German soil is to take charge of such cases, had reported at both offices during the day and had not been informed that they were holding a Dane in custody.

Quite apart from the unpleasantness of such an incident, the injunction against crossing German territory is an inconvenience that can be grimly appreciated by all who live in Denmark, and I am told that the list of Danes so prohibited is both long and pointless. In one case for no better reason than a name that sounds Jewish and a membership of the Left Book Club!

Thus is the hand of friendship extended to the small nations at her doors, nor are many Danes in any doubt as to how they will fare if Germany ever decides she wants the Danish food supply badly enough to take it.

It would, perhaps, seem more logical for Germany to expand through Central Europe, but there is some point in the contention that Central Europe bristles with guns, and France has a finger in the pie, while a quick thrust through virtually defenceless Scandinavia might net Denmark's food supply along with Sweden's iron ore and a base for operations against Russia. The German investigations of the Norwegian coast line during the last two years lend support to this argument.

The Danes are almost touchingly Anglophil and it is hard to escape the conclusion that this is partly wish fulfilment, though few of them are really convinced that Britain would come to their aid. On the other hand, food is an important factor in any conflict and a great deal of what Denmark produces goes to the British Isles. The integrity of Denmark seems equally as important as that of Belgium in any long term view of Europe. Apart from this, the subjection of a country where good manners and butter are preferred to bluster and guns would be a crime against the civilisation to which Denmark has contributed so much. E. K. T.

A WICKED PAPER

I CONFESS I felt inclined to applaud when I saw Professor Lancelot Hogben's letter in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION attacking the General Knowledge Paper set in the Christmas issue. I, too, had attempted to answer the questions in the paper only to find, after expending an immense amount of time and energy, that, so far as the majority of them were concerned, I might as well have tried to solve the riddle of the Sphinx.

A racehorse and a wrestler I was able to identify as well as one or two of the easier quotations from the poets, but, for the most part, I was a man at sea.

It was not, however, till I read Mr. Hogben's letter that I realised the cause of my failure and, further, that I had no reason to be ashamed of it. If I failed, the fault lay with the paper, not with me. For, as Professor Hogben makes clear, the General Knowledge Paper almost entirely ignored "the kinds of knowledge which the hydro-electric age demands from constructive statesmanship." Analysing the questions, Professor Hogben discovered that no fewer than 95 of them might be classified as "literary, pictorial, architectural, virtuosity," 15 as "classical knowledge," two as "Natural Science, public health and medicine," and none at all as "civics, modern history, archaeology." In other words, "not more than about 9 out of 133 separate items (or less than 7 per cent.) of the total . . . have any relevance to the sort of knowledge on which the conduct, the continued progress and the preservation of modern democracy must depend."

It is not to be wondered at that I, living not only physically but spiritually in the hydro-electric age, was dumbfounded by questions so ill-suited to the grandchildren of our grandfathers. I was equally dumbfounded when I turned to Caliban's Christmas Diversions and to the Week-end Crossword. I should have expected Caliban at least, with his modern brain, to give us a puzzle about dialectical materialism, but instead of that he gave us a Word-square with pre-hydro-electric literary clues such as "Might be Cassius perhaps," and "More like Galahad." And the crossword puzzle did not even come as near the spirit of our time as "pterodactyl," but fobbed us off with such riffraff of an out-of-date literary education as "Spenser," "rathe," "fiction" and "Father Christmas."

Now it may be said—as Professor Hogben and I admit—that these various competitions were set for fun. But, adds the Professor—and I agree with him—"like Mr. Chesterton, I believe that people display their true valuations in the sources from which they derive their fun." And people who derive their fun from literary sources are undoubtedly people who are still living in the capitalist nineteenth century or who would like to be. What in the name of sense has a man occupying a key position in modern industry to do with the poetry of Victor Hugo or Arthur Hugh Clough? Who has ever known anybody except a capitalist who cared twopence about poetry? As Professor Hogben says, the General Knowledge Paper catered "especially for the cultural values of the wealthier classes." I am told that members of the Millionaires' Club rubbed their hands with joy when they came to the question: "Who wrote *The Thracian Women: Pontius Glaucus; The Panegyric on Anthemius; The Little Iliad?*" and observed enthusiastically to each other: "That's the stuff! I never get tired of *The Panegyric on Anthe-what's-his-name.*" In many parts of England, too, it is said, the County abandoned fox-hunting for a week and threw itself rapturously into the solution of such questions as: "Who wrote the English biography of Mme. Renan's uncle?" and "What were the date and the result of the Battle of Taginae?" In fact, as a result of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S General Knowledge Paper, the rich had the Christmas of their lives. For the rich have always loved literature and learning and all the decayed cabbage of a moribund civilisation. They have even tried to infect the poor with the same tastes. And THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, by setting a literary General Knowledge Paper, has, consciously or unconsciously, become their ally in the task.

Unconsciously, I hope. And, indeed, I cannot believe that the Editor was aware of the Trotskyite Fascist nature of most of the questions set by his contributor. Even so, I can imagine Mussolini's broad grin as he came on the question: "In which book by Miss Austen is there a Mrs. Ellison?" "He's coming round," he must have chuckled to himself; "I've always said, 'Show me a man who likes Jane Austen, and I'll show you a Fascist in the making.'" Mussolini is a man of clear vision, and he must have been as quick to realise as Professor Hogben, especially after reading the Paper, that "our once Left weekly sedulously cultivates a class consciousness hostile to Socialism by a consistently arrogant championship of outworn social values which offer no constructive hope for the future of civilisation." Even the book-reviews in the paper are tainted with the same spirit. I have noticed in them in recent years frequent laudations of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Chekov, Proust, and other typical Old-School-Tie authors. This, too, at a time when, as Professor Hogben observes, "everywhere in highly industrialised democracies" the fate of democracy "hangs on a single thread." I should have said myself, "on several threads"; but I do not wish to quarrel about a trifle with a writer with whom I am so much in agreement.

The one thing I am puzzled about in Professor Hogben's letter is what he thinks writers can do to (as he put it) "salvage democracy." He says quite frankly: "We are living in the age of the engineers, and the spark gap is mightier than the pen. Democracy will not be salvaged by men who can debate fluently, write elegantly, and quote aptly." Is it then worth while writing at all? If it is universally true that "the spark gap is mightier than the pen," ought not we journalists forthwith to abandon our pens and provide ourselves with sparking gaps, whatever they may be? Can they be bought of a size to fit into the pocket, and is it possible by the efficient use of a sparking gap to convert a Fellow of All Souls to Socialism? Are the difficulties of *Das Kapital* due to the fact that Marx used a pen instead of a sparking gap? Is it because they write with sparking gaps that some of the new poets seem so odd to those of us who grew up in an age in which poets wrote with pens? I am as anxious as anyone to salvage democracy, but, as I am not an engineer, it appears that I am helpless.

Professor Hogben may reply that we may at least help negatively by cutting ourselves off from "the moribund Mediterranean culture which passes as the general knowledge of the new statesmen." Presumably, he regards Greek and

Latin as Fascist studies; but, if he is opposed to Greek and Latin in theory, I must say that he himself shows an Old-School-Tie loyalty to them in practice. I doubt whether I have ever met with a writer whose phraseology was more steeped in "the moribund Mediterranean culture" than Professor Hogben's. Here is a passage on one of the groups of the flat-worms called Plathyhelmerites, taken from his book, *Principles of Animal Biology*:

> *Turbellaria.* Free-living flat-worms in which the body is covered by a ciliated epithelium, some of the cells of which contain hyaline bodies known as rhabdites. The mouth is typically at the end of an eversible pharynx on the ventral side. . . . A few live in mud, *e.g. Planocera, Plenaria, Bipelium.*

Why, if Homer and Cicero sat down together, they could scarcely compose a passage of a more classical turn. The very use of the expression *e.g.* smells of a university education. It "caters especially for the cultural values of the wealthier classes" and, at least as much as any of the questions set in the General Knowledge Paper, "suggests a class-consciousness hostile to Socialism." Or for whom does Professor Hogben cater? Is it not, perhaps, for the intelligent student of science just as the setter of the Christmas Paper in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION may have catered for the intelligent student of literature? And may it not be that literature, in which the soul of man has become articulate, will be as important a subject even under Socialism as flat-worms? And is Professor Hogben quite certain that an interest in flat-worms is not essentially as Fascist an occupation as an interest in poetry?

All I know is that I found just as many brain-twisters in Professor Hogben's book as in the General Knowledge Paper. The one spoiled my Christmas; the other, my New Year. If any one chooses to lump them both together as compositions with a Trotskyite Fascist tendency, I for one will not be disposed to quarrel with him. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE VULNERABILITY OF JAPAN

SIR,—Surely some of your more ardent correspondents are a trifle absurd. Neither you nor any other sane person suggested that Spain is "more important than China." Certainly the world's history is at least as likely to be influenced by the events in China as by those in Spain. But who denies it? The question is not which is more important, but upon which political agitation should primarily centre. And that is a question for cool judgment. Warm feelings are not a substitute for clear heads.

The situation to-day in Spain remains extremely critical. Much depends on the maintenance of civilian morale and for that reason every tin of milk sent out has military as well as humanitarian importance. Moreover, it requires ceaseless watching from the Left—admirably led in this matter by Mr. Attlee, Mr. Noel Baker, Miss Rathbone and others—to prevent British diplomatic influence and, above all, British naval influence from being used in a way more adverse to the Spanish Government than it now is. It is the case *par excellence* in which pressure from the Left may be really effective and may indeed actually tip the balance, settling incidentally much more than the issue in Spain itself, deciding the chances of Fascism in France and throughout Europe.

Now can we hope that an agitation is equally important in China? I submit that we can not. The action of the dockers and the work which the Chinese and British have done on the China Campaign Committee have real propagandist value and they show the world that Britain, thank God, is not a Totalitarian State. Independent working-class action on international affairs has become all too rare, and its appearance is a cheering portent. But let us be sensible and admit that it won't in itself materially affect the war in the Far East. That leaves the question of governmental sanctions, and how far the Left should bend its energies to pressing for them against Japan. On this point I feel sure, Sir, that you are right. It is a waste of time. First, as Commander Young admits, the agitation is doomed to failure by decisions already taken in London, Washington and Brussels. Secondly, anyone can see that, with a substantial part of the fleet locked up in the Mediterranean, any challenging and serious sanctions would involve a risk which few Governments would take. Finally, any action which this Government did take would be directed to the sole purpose of helping dispossessed British capital in Shanghai. And if the Government sees how to do that, it will do it without our help.

Therefore, Sir, I consider that your advice is good. By all means support the boycott movement which the China Campaign Committee works for and which has the incidentally important result of bringing to the anti-Fascist side large numbers of people who can see in China what they did not feel sure about in Spain. By all means encourage the dockers and give all the help we can to the Chinese. But let us be clear that our main political agitation should be concerned with Spain, where it may, I really believe, actually serve to tip the balance between victory and defeat. Z. Y. X.

SIR,—The opinions offered in your January 1st issue by Lieut.-Commander Young on the China-Japan tragedy are so widely held that a close examination of them seems to be vitally necessary.

Briefly, he suggests a combined boycott by Great Britain and the U.S.A. by which "Japan would forthwith find herself deprived of almost all the raw materials required for her industries (not only for her war industries) and of almost every market for her export trade." This, he quite rightly emphasises, would aggravate the economic difficulties of Japan. Further, he thinks, ". . . millions of starving unemployed would be clamouring for the blood of those who had led them to disaster," finally leading to revolution in Japan.

Lieut.-Commander Young's motive is obvious and praiseworthy—to stop the war quickly—but whether this end will be achieved by his means is open to extreme doubt. A few facts would be relevant here if we are to trace the course of events in the Far East.

Japan, as an industrial power, is dependent on freedom of trade and access to raw materials in other countries; if other countries refuse co-operation, the standard of living of 72 million people goes even lower. The U.S.A. Immigration Act of 1924 expressly excluded Japanese; in the world crisis of 1931 the high tariffs of the U.S.A. and the British Empire combined with the Chinese boycott hit trade in Japan more severely than anywhere else, resulting in an extremely low standard of living of the workers.

Now let us consider the co-operative efforts of Japan at the Nine-Power Conference in 1921 which have so conveniently been forgotten. These were:

1. Agreement to a 3 : 5 : 5 ratio of naval building.
2. Handed back Shantung to China.
3. Armies recalled from Siberia.
4. Army reduced by 60,000 men.

From 1922 to 1930 Japan pursued a policy of peace despite provocation on several occasions—in passing the Immigration Act the U.S.A. were guilty of tearing up a "gentlemen's agreement"—in 1927 despite bombardment of Chinese Nationalists by Great Britain and the U.S.A. at Shanghai, Japan held her hand.

The murder of the Japanese Prime Minister in October, 1930, was the beginning of the victory of the militarists. The world crisis hit Japan with full force; Japan's peaceful economic policy had led nowhere. The militarists appeared to have been right after all, so Japan turned to war as a way out of the crisis.

Now, how would a boycott (directed by the very countries which had helped to deepen Japan's troubles) help to *redeem* Japan? It would surely seem to strengthen the position of the militarist clique in Japan. The "starving millions of unemployed" would demand the blood of their enemies surely enough—but would those enemies not be made obvious as Great Britain and the U.S.A.? Truly an excellent means of persuading a people that it is, after all, for their own good that they are starved. Would it make them any more amenable to reason (which is necessary to eliminate war)? With our Empire behind us, would we be free from the charge of hypocrisy?

How would a boycott affect the common people? At present their taxation is Yen 1,300 millions compared with Yen 835 millions in 1930–31, and the comparison for military expenditure for the same years is Yen 1,400 millions against Yen 470 millions. That is not economic misery enough. Let us sweeten the paths of true peace by a boycott!

No! It is the same disease which eats at the vitals of the Far East as holds Europe in its grip and can be eliminated only by getting

down to causes. Great Britain and the U.S.A. must call a world conference to discuss the grievances surrounding free trade, access to raw materials, colonial questions, minorities, disarmament and all the other troubles which are dragging nations slowly but surely to the brink of unimaginable horrors. To make peace a reality co-operation must replace coercion. LIONEL COWAN

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Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

POLICE EVIDENCE

SIR,—"Counsel's" timely letter relating to police evidence should be widely read. Surely, the sole duty of the police is to arrest the offender and to give evidence of the time and circumstances of the arrest. The police, being the prosecutors or on the side of the prosecutors, should never give or be asked to give evidence or information as to character—except to the extent of stating whether or not there have been previous convictions. If a person has not been previously convicted his good character should be *ipso facto* assumed. If, however, the magistrate is not to be allowed to assume that a person he finds guilty has not hitherto (i.e., up to the time of the actual offence) borne a good character, then he should ask for and obtain independent evidence of character from some person or persons who know the defendant. Again, why should the Home Office be allowed to communicate with magistrates? So far as I am aware the Home Office has no liaison with Assize Judges or Recorders. Magistrates (both stipendiary and lay) should be quite able to discharge their duties without any suggestions by or the tutelage of the Home Office. In their courts the magistrates should have the first word, the last word and the only word, on all matters. To raise a new point: Why has the prosecution a right of appeal from the decision of a Court of Summary jurisdiction when it has no such right with regard to decisions of the higher Criminal Courts?

Law Society's Hall, G. W. R. THOMPSON
Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

"GENERAL KNOWLEDGE"

SIR,—Like Professor Hogben, I did not find the "general knowledge" paper you published within my competence, and I hold the view that general knowledge papers which are too hard for me are too hard. But the conclusions drawn, with a good deal of effort, from this sad fact by Professor Hogben seem worthy of comment. As far as I can follow the argument, the Left will be deserted by the technicians unless its leaders give up all this literary nonsense and get down to hard facts about spark gaps and the like. We are given the attractive picture of a mass of earnest technicians ready to be converted to Socialism, if properly approached, but likely to be driven into the arms of the Fascists by the mandarin-like frivolity of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. These products of the secondary and technical schools and the new universities are the holders of the key to the situation; that key can't be turned by hands more used to writing verse or prose than to handling the machines. This picture, as I said, is very attractive, but has it any plausibility? Is it not another attempt to persuade us that the salt of the earth are the earnest young men of the novels of Mr. Wells's middle period? In Professor Hogben's letter I seem to see just that wishful building up of the self-esteem of the English lower middle classes to which Mr. Wells devoted himself with praiseworthy zeal, if limited success, thirty years ago. The first point that puzzled me in this commiratory epistle was an allusion to a triumph of something called "the drag net of the Front Populaire," which I translate into the police work of the French Government. Professor Hogben seems to be most impressed by the fact that the Fascists had infra-ray signals at their disposal. If he were less influenced by Mr. Wells he might have asked himself how it came about that the French police authorities are controlled at the moment by the Front Populaire? And the answer might have enlightened him. The Front Populaire did not triumph in France by appealing to the electricians and despising such literary triflers as M. Léon Blum. I know some French technicians, and if several of them support the Front Populaire it is largely because of those old literary traditions which Professor Hogben despises, because of the *Châtiments* and the memory of that 18th Brumaire which Professor Hogben appears to imagine was a triumph or could be represented as a triumph of the pen over the sword. Brumaire, among other things, was a triumph of mathematicians backing that eminent flatterer of their art, Citizen Bonaparte, membre de l'Institut de France.

It was certainly no triumph of rhetoric. On the other hand, to-day, the technicians driven away from Socialism by its literary exponents are surely not won over to Fascism by its severe scientific methods of appeal. It is by rhetoric of a lower type that technicians and others have been won to the support of Fascism. It is important to have a clear appreciation of the power of wireless and the movies; it is more important to know what to say through either of these mediums, and Dr. Goebbels and his kin are just as literary as Mr. Raymond Mortimer. Professor Hogben is now settled in Aberdeen. He will have abundant opportunity there to study a working and lower middle class who are practically completely free from the political sin of modesty. That freedom from the social fears and resentments of their English equivalents is not without its drawbacks. The existence of this Scottish self-esteem is one reason why I find life easier in England than in my native land. But in Scotland, as in France, it is the guid conceit of themselves of the classes for whose support Professor Hogben is so anxious that is the real barrier to snob-Fascism. And as that self-esteem is based on a powerful literary and political tradition in France, it is based on a powerful literary and religious tradition in Scotland. A drunken Scot reciting "A man's a man for a' that," or a bitter French peasant sneering at "les messieurs," is not a pleasant sight in itself, but it is a safeguard against the kind of Fascist appeal that Professor Hogben fears may prove so effective with his own countrymen.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford. D. W. BROGAN

SIR,—May I record my complete agreement with Professor Lancelot Hogben's letter in your current issue?

Your reply might have been more explicit. You have to give *your* public what they want—otherwise your journal would quickly die a sticky death. The sad fact is that your public wants what you give them.

Hogben does not stress the extreme example of this. The people who have an opportunity of seeing current painting are numbered in thousands only. The cultural interest or significance of it is microscopic. Yet you devote columns and even pages to it, and one must suppose that your readers like reading about what they never can see—except perhaps in bad reproductions, in a very few instances. Such stuff is the escape literature of the intellectual.

There *is* another public, and Sir R. Gregory has discovered that fact. Hence, week by week, leaders of a social-political character in *Nature*. H. STAFFORD HATFIELD

5, Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

LET'S HAVE A NICE REVOLUTION

SIR,—In his review of Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*, under this title (THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, January 1st), Mr. Crossman draws a distinction, which I have heard before but never understood, between "ethics" and "politics," to the advantage of the latter. I wish he would clear this up, since in one of its possible meanings it causes those whom we might both regard as our political enemies to blaspheme. And irony is not always conducive to clearness. I do not want to defend Mr. Lippmann's book, which I have not read, nor to offer my own definitions of ethics and politics. From some of Mr. Crossman's remarks it looks as if he meant by ethics the systematic consideration of how we ought to act, and by politics the systematic consideration of how to attain our ends, whatever they may be and at whatever cost. But in this sense I suppose he would deny that politics ought to be subordinated to ethics. If he means by ethics the consideration of what we ought to do in some fanciful situation, and by politics the consideration of what we ought to do in situations where we are likely to find ourselves, he can hardly rate the former lower than I do. But why carry irony so far as to call that ethics? E. F. CARRITT

University College, Oxford.

SIR,—It must have given Mr. Crossman great pleasure to mix into his review of Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society* a little pepper for Aldous Huxley. But surely Huxley is less in need of it than Mr. Crossman himself. His review assumed that because progress in the past has been accompanied by revolutions, nasty revolutions, because the British Trade Unions have carried on class warfare for a hundred years, there must always be nasty revolutions, must always be warfare between Trade Unions and society in general. (For it is certain that if ever Mr. Crossman

gets the one, last, big, nasty revolution *he* desires, somebody will doubtless arise and make just one more.)

It must be disagreeable to Mr. Crossman to notice that men of progressive ideas appear to have reached a dead end politically. It is still more disagreeable to have the reasons for this pointed out by clear-sighted writers like Aldous Huxley to whom no party label can be attached. But one reason is clear enough, and lies in the very language which Mr. Crossman uses. The violence assumed by the language of revolution and class warfare immediately arouses profound resentment in the very class whose liquidation is required. Liquidation itself has become a euphemism for violent destruction. Instead of first freezing opponents into solid resistance, it is necessary to use a new language and a new method which at the outset break down the psychological resistances of opponents. This may appear hopeless idealism, but it is realism itself compared with the policy of the Labour Party in supporting the rearmament of the very Government which it plans to supplant. Members of the Labour Party need to be much less querulous about the faults they see in men of goodwill, and much more downright in rejecting plans which they know to be thoroughly bad. STEPHEN USHERWOOD

Autumn, Old Coulsdon,
Surrey.

CIVIL SERVICE PAY

SIR,—Mr. Houghton writes on the above subject for the purpose of correcting the erroneous impression which, he alleges, your earlier comments conveyed. He has, I fear, merely succeeded in obscuring a situation left quite clear by your own observations on the subject.

He refers to the five salary claims his own organisation has submitted as if they had something to do with the situation created by the rapid rise in the cost-of-living—the subject upon which you were commenting. Mr. Houghton omits to mention that these claims are based upon factors unrelated to the cost-of-living issue and that, as a loyal member of the Staff Side of the National Whitley Council, he is precluded by decision of that body from importing into sectional salary claims the cost-of-living issue which affects the Civil Service as a whole.

Mr. Houghton assumes as proven the utterly false proposition that Civil Servants cannot secure compensation for the increased cost-of-living without reverting to the sliding scale arrangements which came to an end when the Government consolidated Civil Service wages in 1934. He refers to the sigh of relief which was heaved by Civil Servants when their wages were consolidated and related to a cost-of-living figure of 55. I am reluctant to mention the matter, but, in the interests of historical accuracy, I am bound to point out that the Service appears to have been relieved in spite of Mr. Houghton, for I recall that his vote was cast, and quite rightly so in my opinion, against the very act of consolidation at 55 which he now considers to have been of such value to the Service.

The Civil Service Clerical Association, with its 55,000 members, emphatically rejects the proposition that a sliding scale arrangement is the essential consequence of securing compensation for the immediate and pressing facts of the cost-of-living situation. In recent weeks there have been many instances in industrial and commercial concerns of increases being secured by workpeople in compensation for rising prices. In no case do the beneficiaries appear to have displayed any reluctance to accept the increases because of the possibility that they were preparing for themselves a future of economic instability. Probably, if prices fall, attempts will be made by employers to withdraw the increases given, and the Trades Unions concerned will doubtless resist any "cuts" with the same determination as they must have displayed to obtain the increases. Even if this resistance fails, their members will have had the benefit of improved pay for the period when it was most needed.

Why, then, should the Civil Service hesitate because of the possibility that a sliding scale arrangement, which was abolished nearly five years ago by Governmental action and primarily for Governmental convenience, may be reimposed on the Service? And to what heights must the cost-of-living soar before Mr. Houghton and those who think with him are prepared to move? For, if his argument for inaction is sound now, it would be equally sound if prices rose to a point when the purchasing power of the lower grades of Civil Servants had decreased almost to vanishing point. And is the Civil Servant's housewife still sighing with relief at the stability she thought would accrue from consolidation now she realises that, unvaried as the size of her husband's wage packet may be, the purchasing power of the contents of the packet has so rapidly diminished?

The bogy of the sliding scale is being exploited merely for the purpose of defending a policy of inaction—a policy which is rejected by those organisations in the Service which conceive it to be the job of Trade Unions to fight on every ground and in every circumstance in which the interests of the members are threatened. A united Civil Service Movement would be powerful enough to secure much needed compensation for the increased cost-of-living and to resist a return to the sliding scale if this were proposed; but a timid, disunited and indecisive Movement, such as exists to-day, is an invitation to the Government to re-impose on the Service the sliding scale and any of the other injustices from which organised effort in the past has delivered it.

The Civil Service Clerical Association, 2, Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1. L. C. WHITE, Assistant General Secretary

PERFORMING ANIMALS

SIR,—I met "Critic" at a luncheon the other day and I heard him say that he was taking a number of "kids" to the Circus, but that he himself was looking forward to the show with apprehension on account of possible cruelty to the performing animals. "How can you tell," was, I thought, a normal question; and Critic's reply of "You can" did not convince me till I went to a Circus myself the other night.

I went forgetting my conversation with Critic, until I saw the performing elephants; only then did I realise that his remarks printed in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are no exaggeration. An elephant was required to descend some stairs, having performed a tight-rope walk. It obviously could not see the stairs and was terrified. It hesitated to a point of making me feel ashamed of witnessing its efforts, because accompanying its fumbling was the continual crack of a whip which to me seemed to add terror and confusion to the elephant's misery.

However, I am afraid I cannot endorse Critic's remarks about "jolly old brown bears." The bears I saw were continually trying to rid themselves of their muzzles and to me looked anything but "jolly." Perhaps Critic and I are unduly sensitive, but as I, like him, delight in feeding hornbills with grapes between my teeth and studying the idiosyncracies of other animals, I feel we cannot be altogether wrong. B. VAN THAL

9 Tavistock Mansions, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

A. E. H.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to say that my sketch of A. E. Housman, to which reference is made by Mr. Shawe-Taylor in your current issue, has not yet been published, and, indeed, is not yet finished. It has been delayed by indisposition. In saying, in his Preface to "A. E. H.," that it had appeared, Mr. Laurence Housman was under a not unnatural misapprehension. On the other hand, Mr. Shawe-Taylor may have been referring to the chapters on A. E. H. that appeared in my book, *Author Hunting*. I am now at work on the completing of my book of personal recollections of A. E. H. that has been announced by Messrs. Hutchinson. GRANT RICHARDS

5 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

RENT CONTROL

SIR,—You say in your article on Rent Control in the January 1st issue: "Moreover, it is by no means safe to argue, as the Majority appears to do, that when overcrowding is not very prevalent in an area, decontrol is not likely to lead to an increase in rents." On December 22nd I received from my landlord's agents a notice to quit, accompanied by a letter explaining that this was in anticipation of the Rents Restrictions Act being "suitably amended" next June. The letter goes on to say that if I wish to continue in possession of the house I must pay an additional £19 a year in rent. The rateable value of the house is £43 per annum and it is thus a Class B house. The district in which I live, Islington, is one in which overcrowding is well known.

If my experience is anything to go by, the landlords will certainly lose no time in taking full advantage of the new Act to squeeze their tenants to the limit. WILLIAM TIDMAN

58 Calabria Road,
London, N.5.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S BIOGRAPHY

SIR,—We are engaged in writing the official biography of the late Sir Edward Clarke with the full authorisation and approval of his Executors and of Lady Clarke. We have full access to the late Sir Edward's papers, but no doubt there are many who have in their possession letters from him or recollections or information concerning him. We should be greatly obliged if any people having such letters or information would be so kind as to communicate them to Edward Clarke, 1 Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.4.

In the case of letters every care will be taken of the originals, which will be returned to their owners as soon as copies have been made.

EDWARD CLARKE
DEREK WALKER-SMITH

Miscellany

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING

THE Exhibition of Seventeenth-century Art at Burlington House will disappoint those who expect to find, as they did in the Italian and French exhibitions, room after room packed with masterpieces. With one splendid exception, all the works exhibited come from English collections. By skimming the Louvre, the Mauritshuis, the Zwinger, the Prado and the museums of Vienna, Munich, Florence and Turin, a far richer show could, of course, have been assembled. But the connoisseur, if not the man in the street, may well prefer the present exhibition, for it contains a far higher proportion of unfamiliar pictures. There are only, I think, some twenty works of the very highest order, but there are hundreds that will give pleasure to the serious amateur of painting, as well as a great many that will be of interest only to the expert. For my part, I could wish that there were fewer furniture-pictures, and more furniture. The minor Dutch paintings do very well upon a dining-room wall, but they need the support of the surroundings for which they were originally collected. They are best appreciated, indeed, after dinner with the help of a glass of old brandy, but, short of this, Burlington House could have helped them by mingling them with silver, porcelain, lacquer cabinets, and walnut chairs. The one room of furniture in the exhibition is beautifully arranged by Mr. Leigh Ashton and Mr. Michael Stewart, and it seems to me a great pity that a majority of the rooms have not been enlivened by a judicious mixture of furniture with the pictures.

The object of the Dutch painters, apart from Rembrandt, was very different from that of the great Italian and French masters. In a country prosperous, indeed, but harassed with wars and invasions, they neglected lyricism and sublimity in order to present images of peace and cosiness. This, no doubt, was due to their character even more than to their circumstances, for the high art of Italy was produced in an age hardly less turbulent. It is the weakness of this exhibition that it unduly emphasises this prosaic side of seventeenth-century art. There is not only room after room of Dutch painting, but a superabundance of Van Dyck and minor Flemings, while there is only one room of Italian painting, and one of French. Inevitably this show reflects the taste of the English nobility rather than seventeenth-century art as a whole. And the major glories of the Seicento Rome and of the Siècle de Louis Quatorze cannot be found in this country. But the Italian paintings here are horribly disappointing. (The brightest, *Erminia and the Shepherd's Family*, I suspect, perhaps unshrewdly, of being not Italian at all, but German.) One imagined that stately homes were full of *seicento* paintings. But apparently it has proved impossible to unearth a single painting by Albano, Cignani, Lanfranco, Preti, Luca Giordano, Solimena or Caravaggio. Almost all we are given is an ambitious machine by Gentileschi, an exquisite little Carracci of Polyphemus and Galatea, a haunting portrait by Salvator Rosa of his mistress, and a curious painting, probably Neapolitan or perhaps by Valentin, of Tobias and the Angel.

France is similarly under-represented. There is no important French sculpture, no furniture, and very few paintings. But these include two most beautiful Poussins, *St. John Baptising Christ* and *The Holy Family on the Steps*, which are in superb condition and can be studied for a long while with ever-increasing delight. There are three other Poussins, all of which would probably be superb if they were clean. The Claudes are too few, but most lovely. Lord Jersey's *Evening* has a beauty of paint that anticipates the splendours of the French nineteenth century. Presumably nothing by Georges La Tour (Dumesnil) or Santerre was obtainable.

The French room is the last you come upon—the first is devoted to what is called the British school, though most of its members were Flemings. The Renaissance took nearly two hundred years to reach England, and these are largely late Gothic rather than late Renaissance in style, and are more curious than beautiful. But there is one portrait in the big gallery by Mytens of the Duke of Hamilton which gives one a new idea of this artist's powers. The head is feeble, but otherwise the painting shows the elegance and sensibility of a Gainsborough. (It is difficult to believe that the same artist painted the puerile portrait in the first room of the Earl of Dorset.) Then we come to Rubens—twenty-five pictures as well as a number of drawings. The vast portrait of the Duke of Buckingham on horseback surrounded by allegorical figures is a superb example of Rubens doing his best with a commission. It is very beautiful as well as magnificently pompous, and looks as if it had been painted almost entirely by his own hand. But *The Farm at Laeken* from Buckingham Palace is, I think, the finest Rubens here. His landscapes, like the portraits of his two wives, were painted entirely, one feels, for his delight. (This one was bought by George IV, who had conspicuously more distinguished taste in pictures than most English collectors.) But all the Rubens here have wonderful things in them—note especially the *Dead Baby* from the Ashmolean, the *St. Bruno*, the self-portrait, and the sketches of Cadmus and of the Centaur-Tritons. A taste for Rubens, I sometimes think, is the surest sign that a person has a natural feeling for pictures. In his works the sentiment is often unpleasing, and his sensuality is foreign to ours, but his natural genius for painting has never been surpassed.

The numerous Van Dycks make me feel that he is an even more uninteresting painter than I supposed. In so far as he reflects Rubens, he gives a mild reminiscent pleasure; in so far as he is himself, is he hardly more than a highly competent craftsman. He produced fashionable portraits that made his sitters look aristocratic. Gainsborough shows how much better it can be done—Laszlo, how incomparably worse. Let us go on to Rembrandt. The portrait of Van Tromp shows an unsurpassable mastery of paint; the late self-portrait lent by Mrs. W. R. Mitchell, the *Old Lady Reading*, and the *Old Man Seated, in Thought*, are three of his most profound and noble works. In the atmosphere of ease and accomplished opulence that emanates from most pictures in this exhibition, these works emerge like passages from *Macbeth* or *Lear* in an anthology of extracts from Gray, Crabbe, Byron, Tennyson, and Patmore. And again, at the end of a vista, suddenly there is another picture that explodes everything near it, the Greco lent by the King of Roumania. There are three Velasquezs in the same room, a very skilful portrait of his mulatto servant, another portrait so dirty that it might just as well have been left at Apsley House, and the *Water Carrier*, also from the Duke of Wellington's collection. This last is a beautifully refined picture, which it would be very foolish to neglect or underrate. But the Greco seems to stretch arms from its frame and insist that we surrender ourselves entirely to its baroque mysticism. With Angels, Archangels and the whole Company of Heaven we are caught up into a cataract of enveloping velvety forms—we are swallowed, we are submerged, we are rapt.

There is one more great masterpiece that must be mentioned.

Bernini's *Neptune and Glaucus*. There could be no more felicitous object-lesson in baroque design than this group, full of movement and completely unified. Indeed it made me wish that the Exhibition had been differently planned. Instead of taking the arbitrary chronological limits of 1600 to 1700, which correspond to nothing, would it not have been more intelligent to base the show on the Baroque movement? We could then see its beginnings in Michelangelo, Titian and Tintoretto—the confrontation of a late Titian with a late Rembrandt would be interesting—one could watch the style steadying as it travelled Northwards, becoming thoughtful in France, sensual in the Netherlands, pedestrian in Holland, and gentlemanly in England; and the Exhibition would end with the beginnings of Rococo. The Zeitgeist of the seventeenth century would thus have been shown far more clearly than in the present rigidly chronological scheme.

Finally, I wish to recommend visitors to Burlington House not to overlook the following works: the charming *Little Girl with a Bell* (93), *The Education of St. John Baptist* (141), superb Cuyps (127 and 139), a Berchem (185), a Van de Velde (194), a Van de Cappelle (202), a Murillo (217), a superb Vermeer (253), a lovely little Fabritius (267), a good Le Nain (338), the Lys (302)—a rare master who died prematurely and anticipated Fragonard, a walnut table (990) which is an exquisite example of English taste, and the noble Grinling Gibbons Baldacchino (936) which almost alone represents the glories of English seventeenth-century architectural design. (Wren, far the greatest English artist of the period, is conspicuous by his absence.) There is very fine English silver and glass, and the drawings are stunning. Bookish visitors will find portraits of Waller (47), of St. Evremond (50) and of Donne (756).

In spite of the deficiencies which I feel in this Exhibition, it is a most enjoyable and instructive affair, and we owe deep gratitude both to those who have assembled and those who have lent these works. But what a pity it is that so many of our collectors keep their treasures concealed under a hard brown jelly! And I left Burlington House comparing the English rich of the past with those of to-day, and amazed at the little that the latter do to patronise good art. I thought of living English artists, like Sickert and Grant, of living foreign artists like Picasso, Matisse and Maillol—all equally neglected by the princely fortunes of modern England. An aristocracy does not deserve the name, when it so shamelessly neglects the arts.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HOMMAGE À "THE OLD BUFFER"

IT's always the same question with the pantomime. Do you like it as it used to be or do you like it brought up to date? And the proper answer is I like it as it was when I was a child. We are all old Buffers in this respect or should be and yet what we like now, which is what we can recollect of our childhood, used to wear the robes of modernity to our parents or Nannies when we went off to Drury Lane in a growler to see Dan Leno.

So let me say at once that there is only one pantomime I really like this year and that is the Lyceum. Miss Jill Esmond may lack that om-bong-pong in the bust which used to fascinate Uncle Charlie, but she speaks her lines as though the world depended on them and what more can you want from Prince Hal? Besides it's written in rhymed couplets, which all good pantomime should be and we can hear our old favourites of the vintage of

> And now to add to all our fears,
> Behold the Demon King appears,

or

> And next I can tell of Miss Mary Macdougall
> Who was having a bath and was washed down the plougall.

And those Surrealist flowers melting into one another! "The Fairy Lake," the "Palace of Dahlias," "The Ladder of Roses"; anything you like. Vision of unreality succeeds vision, shaming Kundry's garden and bringing a blush to the pale beauties of your modern garden set. The Melville touch is magical; hats off to it! The Lyceum has also my favourite dame, Mr. Clarkson Rose, this year an ugly sister, Marigold, daughter of the Merchant of Morraine. How he flirts his tiered skirts and what a genius he has for making us all sing some simple ditty! When you add to his pranks the capers of those two splendid knockabouts, the O'Gorman Bros., you can see that your cup of amusement is filled quite full. In addition to which there are three exquisite animals, a cat and two dogs, brilliantly played by impersonators of the highest quality.

"Aladdin" at the Adelphi isn't nearly so satisfying. Miss Elsie Randolph finds it difficult to forget revue and her Aladdin is not of the vintage I care about. Mr. Arthur Riscoe's personality is so strong that his Widow Twankey carries conviction, but he, too, belongs to the present age; the sophisticated children of to-day enjoyed him very much, so "the old buffer" was at it again. But the old buffer was right, as he always is on this particular subject.

One of Miss Nancy Price's greatest achievements is the fidelity with which that great classic "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" reaches the stage, with the exception of the Mad Tea-party, which has strayed in by chance. But all the King's horses and all the King's men; really, that red plush horse, like the Lion in the Pavillon d'Elégance at the Paris Exhibition. It beggars all description. That and the railway-train. Why, "anybody would take a return ticket every time the train stops." And Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The great merit of the game at the Playhouse is that you really seem to be assisting at the actual scenes. Only I missed the monstrous crow, you remember. "It's getting as dark as it can," said Tweedledum. "And darker," said Tweedledee, and it will be a dark day for us all, "Old Buffers," and children alike, when Pantomime and this sort of children's play die out.

LEIGH ASHTON

THE MOVIES

"The March of Time, No. 8." At the Regal
"South Riding." At the London Pavilion
"It's Love I'm After." At the Gaumont

THE newest *March of Time* has a special interest for readers of this journal, which first published some remarkable articles about a waiter's life by Mr. Dave Marlowe. His name is now well-known, for his autobiography, *Coming, Sir!* has had a big success. *The March of Time*, like his book, takes us disconcertingly behind the scenes. The customer, for example, hardly notices the face of the waiter who serves him; but is not such anonymity more restful to the waiter himself than a room filled with amateur novelists and strenuous mass-observers? Apart from an imperious and fat lady with a lap-dog, the customer is not too roughly handled. Head waiters however get it in the neck; they deduct enormous percentages from pooled tips, and prevent the hungry waiter from eating what the customer leaves on his plate. Much has been said in favour of tipping; but it is difficult, after seeing this film, to uphold the system whereby an average wage of 12*s.* a week has to be eked out by so tyrannous and haphazard a device. The same bulletin contains a highly interesting account of the salmon fishing disputes between the United States and Japan over the Alaska fisheries. *New Schools for Old* shows us the changes now being introduced into American public school methods of education. Children are encouraged to cope with the practical problems of life, and emphasis is laid upon the "project" or collective enterprise. All this is delightful, and probably quite useful too; but I am less happy to see the old method of learning the multiplication table derided—the class repeating it after the teacher in chorus. After all "three 9's are 27" is one of those obstinate facts which refuse to be made into "a fascinating game"; most people remember their multiplication table only because

it *sounds* right. It should be added that the *March of Time* producer, with scrupulous impartiality, includes a few words of severe criticism of the new ideas from the mouth of Dr. William Bagley of Columbia University.

The ordinary cinema is not so hot. For some time *South Riding* looked like being a first-rate film, but a succession of trivialities saps its truth. It is based on Winifred Holtby's last novel, which presents the life of the Yorkshire countryside as reflected in the affairs of its County Council. Now County Councils, as people like Ibsen and Shaw long ago discovered, are potentially as good drama as could be wished, and for a time we sit ecstatic upon our plush, unable to believe our eyes and ears; something positively real is unrolling before us. Metropolitan reality occasionally survives upon the screen, but rural never. Here it puts up a brave fight. John Clements, whose work in *Knight Without Armour* attracted attention, is most persuasive as a young social reformer, anxious to abolish a disgraceful tumbledown settlement known as "The Shacks." He is supported, from motives far from idealistic, by a building contractor and a revivalist preacher with a shady side to his character. He is opposed by the bankrupt M.F.H. and Squire of Maythorpe, Robert Carne (Ralph Richardson). A complicated plot, involving also a charming and capable school mistress (Edna Best), is in process of clear and gripping exposition, when Victor Savile, the director, commits one of those blazing absurdities to which English directors seem peculiarly prone. He makes the school mistress, in her irritation at Carne's intransigence, work off steam by driving her car along the country lanes with crazy recklessness, nearly killing, among others, a bicyclist, herself and her passenger. It sounds a trifle, but it is not. Sensible and humane people do not behave in this way when irritated; it is a pure cliché of the bad novelist, and if it came in Winifred Holtby's book (which I doubt) it should have been firmly cut. The picture never quite recovers from this outrage on its seriousness. Certainly the novelist cannot have intended her conclusion to show all the local tangles neatly ironed out in a burst of Coronation good-fellowship (pull together boys and three cheers for the King.) Real problems are tougher than that; though it must be admitted that there is a macabre fascination in the spectacle of the entire cast singing first, "Land of H. and G." and then "God Save the King." "Send him victorious!" warbles Miss Best; "Happy and Glorious!" counters Mr. Richardson; "Long to reign o'er us!" adds Mr. Clements, sheepishly however, because, you see, he is really a horrid Red. This ending is a major blunder; equally embarrassing for the sophisticated (who will want to snigger) and for the naive (who will be worried about standing up).

It's Love I'm After is the American equivalent of an Aldwych farce, with some amusing fooling by Leslie Howard, Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, and one of those plots in which people pretend to be quite unlike themselves in order to bring about emotional transformations in other people. There are some good jokes (including two whose point the Censor must have missed), but the whole thing is a good hour too long. Not a picture to see at 12 o'clock from the shilling seats.

PETER GALWAY

SINCE CÉZANNE

II.

It was an exciting moment, the dawn of Fauvism. The enthusiasm, the sense of liberation, of power and potentiality, are all palpable in the work of these young or youngish rebels, Derain, Vlaminck, Friesz, Lhote, Doucet, Delaunay, Marchand, Marquet, who group themselves, quite unintentionally, round Matisse. They never did better, and some have never done so well. The early Vlamincks are particularly appetising, and I am not ashamed of having bought two. Derain is not seen at his best, because to see him at his best it is necessary to see his big theatrical and domestic decorations. Lhote has become professorial. Friesz and Marchand have disappointed their admirers. Delaunay has wandered in strange lands. Doucet was killed in 1914. Marquet pursues the even, and to me slightly tedious, tenor of his way. Let us consider the case of others, later arrivals for the most part, who remained Fauves in the sense that they never swallowed the Cubist doctrine whole.

Rouault, by no means a late-comer but a contemporary of Matisse beside whom he studied in the *atelier* of Gustave Moreau, has a large room to himself. He is an artist whom everyone who cares for fine painting must admire and respect; but he has suffered always from two defects, one of which becomes distressingly apparent at the Petit Palais. In the first place, he is apt to force the tragic note. That his sense of horror is genuine I do not doubt; the mischief is that often he tries to emphasise it by unpictorial means. As almost always happens in such cases the unpictorial blows knock the picture out of shape. It becomes a caricature. The second fault, the fault patent in this exhibition, is that his colour, though beautiful, is monotonous. In picture after picture one meets with the same noble and sombre harmonies till at last one wearies of them. Rouault is a good, a very good, painter: I do not think his art has deteriorated in the last thirty years, but neither has it gone on.

Almost exactly opposite is the case of Segonzac. When one meets with a couple of his pictures in a mixed exhibition one is tempted to treat them lightly because, besought by shriller voices, one does not give them time to make their quiet appeal. Here, where one sees thirty together, one is surprised and deeply impressed. One appreciates the solidity, the variety, the discreet beauty of the landscapes, and the elegance of the nudes. His is an art that improves on acquaintance. He is a good painter growing steadily better. Another surprise is Marie Laurencin: one had forgotten how brilliant were the gifts with which some malicious fairy godmother blest her. The self-portrait painted when she was but nineteen, the picture of Apollinaire and his family painted four or five years later, entirely justify the high opinion of her talent we then formed. Since, she has known huge success. Let us hope she enjoys it, for all that it is not precisely of the kind her friends dreamed of five-and-twenty years ago. And yet another surprise is Roger de la Fresnaye. I always knew he was a good painter; indeed, I believe I was one of the first to salute his talent. But I had no notion he was as good as this. He died untimely in 1925 as a result of war-sufferings. Here are some forty pictures—there are lesser works on the lower floor—hardly one of which fails to please by its painter-like qualities. Like most of his contemporaries, he was touched, and something more than touched, by Cubism; but he never subscribed to the articles not conformed to the cookery book. Not only was he too much of a painter to submit to a doctrine which disparaged his mystery, he had too much matter in him to accept academic limitations. All he did was painterlike, and like a very good painter, too. But, as his plasters show, he was besides an artist with something to say, which say he would, even though the saying involved him in struggles with a medium not his own.

Modigliani, as a painter—he started as a sculptor—came late on the scene and (alas!) left early. He died miserably in 1920. That he was affected by Fauvism, Cubism and Negro art is clear enough, yet it is doubtful whether he can be held to have belonged to any group. He was essentially Italian, and his closest affinities are perhaps with the Italian Primitives. The beauty of his line and his use of flat colours mainly to emphasise form take one back to the quattrocento. Shortly after the artist's death his work suffered an extravagant vogue, which was followed, of course, by a reaction. At the Petit Palais it is made plain that he was in fact the fine artist we took him for—a master of the modern movement. His descendant, Soutine, though far from being his equal, is an interesting painter who, in his violent and tormented moods, only too clearly expressed, never loses his personal and sometimes exciting sense of paint. If the portrait of a priest, recently acquired for the Tate Gallery, were, as it was said to

be, his deliberately chosen last word, I should conclude that he was at the end of his talent. But I understand that, far from this being the case, he says he has no recollection of having painted the picture, which does not prove, of course, that he did not paint it. And talking of the Tate reminds me that Utrillo is not, as the officials of that gallery appear to suppose, dead. Neither, judging from the particularly fine collection of his work in the Petit Palais, has he lost his cunning. On the contrary, the level of his work is remarkably consistent, and consistently high. Like Modigliani, he is hardly to be classified, but he is one of the best painters alive. The sad story of Maria Blanchard should give dealers and amateurs something to think about. When she appeared in Paris the originality of her unhappy genius and her almost alarming sincerity caught the eye of alert critics, and *La Communiante* (now in M. Paul Rosenberg's collection) caused something like a sensation. To the surprise and dismay of her admirers she quickly discovered a formula which she continued to exploit remorselessly. It is difficult not to suppose that someone told this poverty-stricken and extremely innocent young woman that she had struck a line which would do. That is not the sort of advice anyone should give an artist.

It is not my intention to write of all the painters whose work is to be seen at the Petit Palais. I speak only of those who provoked my admiration in early days, whose development I have followed attentively, and who have achieved something which seems to justify, at least to some extent, my youthful enthusiasm. Dufresne, whom I have always admired, is not well represented. Beginning shakily, as the cricket reporters say, he improved from the moment he discovered that he could put his literary imagination to plastic uses. He is become a gay and agreeable decorator. Severini, also, has painted better pictures than any to be found here. Pascin I once admired but he does not gain upon me. Dufy who to *Le Palais de la Lumière* has contributed "*le plus grand tableau du monde* (60 *m.* × 10 *m.*)" is always adequate and rarely more. The Post-Impressionist, like all movements, carries along a ruck of followers who of their proper effort could hardly have moved at all. Of these a few are valuable minor painters, others just men and women born with a knack for drawing, others pretentious daubers. Between these I shall not attempt to discriminate; with the first-flighters of Fauvism I have dealt: remain the Cubists. For it must not be supposed that because I have set them apart for special treatment I am trying to exclude them from the movement. Even when the pure Cubists have been set apart, Cubism remains an important ingredient in the post-impressionist dish; since, in the long run, the Fauves themselves and their descendants have been as much influenced by Picasso as by Matisse.

But before turning to academic Cubism it will be proper, I think, to indicate one or two characteristics of the post-impressionist movement as a whole. From earliest days I maintained that the post-impressionists were elaborating an idiom in which anyone who had anything to say could express himself. As I should have foreseen, they have bettered my prophecy and invented a style in which anyone with a turn for drawing can make a picture, whether he has anything to say or not. The Paris exhibition, the whole quarter from the Trocadero to the Invalides, is full of painting, uninspiring but presentable, in what may come to be known as the Exhibition Style. So once again we have in Europe a generally accepted pictorial idiom, which can be acquired easily and by means of which anyone with a modicum of knack can make what looks like a picture. Whether this is cause for rejoicing or lament I hardly know, but it is an interesting fact. Another characteristic of the movement is a tendency amongst the lesser men to shout loudest when they have least to say. As my friend, Raymond Mortimer, puts it: the post-impressionists seem to have believed that Heaven was to be taken by storm. An exhibition of impressionist painting, chosen with the catholicity that has guided the organisers of this, would be less noisy and yet might turn out to be more various. Both characteristics appear unmistakably in the exhibition of international art at the Jeu de Paume, where we find painters from every corner of Europe and from America asserting themselves in the style of Paris. Almost I prefer a show of the London Group, where the pictures, feeble and amateurish though most of them may be, at least smell of England.

Cubism has been a good servant and a bad master. When it touched an artist who had already amassed experience, disciplined his manner and forced him to think less of self-assertion and more of the problems of construction, leaving him at last chastened to go his own way, it did nothing but good. The majority of the best living artists have been so touched. But when it obtains the mastery, Cubism becomes academic. The charge against academies is that they admit one way of painting only; that, having formulated a doctrine, they teach it, impose it, and allow only the smallest deviations. The student is given a set of rules and shown, if he is lucky, how to apply them. He is shown what, in the opinion of his professors, a picture should be like, and given a recipe for making pictures like those he has been instructed to admire. With this slender stock of knowledge and experience he is expected to get through life and art. Academic Cubism, the doctrine and practice taught by the high-and-dry incorruptible abstractionists, is peculiarly deleterious in that the equipment served out is reduced to a minimum. Unless the student happens to be one of those rare beings who can get a fill of emotion from the consideration of proportion and of the relations of forms and colours purged of all extrinsic significance, he is condemned to perpetual emptiness. And that is what has happened to the Purists. From their work there is a complete absence of vulgarity, as there is from a square block of wood, and of everything else besides. I do not say that it is impossible, by subtle spacing and arrangement, by delicate contrasts of texture and tone, to create out of four blocks of wood a work of art; but I do say that, unless you happen to be Picasso, you had better not try.

Not that Picasso, inventor of Cubism, ever dreamed of swallowing whole the dogmas of Cubists or Purists or anyone else. His pictures are not well shown at the Petit Palais yet they make a grand showing: they look even better at the Jeu de Paume. If Picasso is accused—and it is a plausible criticism—of repeating himself, that is not because he affects a manner or imposes on himself a formula, but because under a bottomless wardrobe of costumes he is always intensely himself. I cannot feel that this is a reproach. But it is startling to discover in his early paintings and drawings, in the all too famous Salome etching, for instance, the same speedy precision, the acuity, the passion, the unfailing liveliness, the sense of surprise and the flavour of sentiment, that startle us in his latest and most disquieting pieces. Having studied once again, as dispassionately as I could, fair samples of this extraordinary man's activity during more than thirty years, I understand why many intelligent people consider him not only the greatest artist alive but one of the most significant and influential figures of our time.

One should not see Braque immediately after looking at Picasso. Braque is a very good painter, and it is merely silly to call him a sedulous ape: but had Picasso never existed, though Braque might still have been a very good painter, it is certain he would have been a different one. It is not only that he adopts—and I agree adapts—Picasso's themes; he borrows his methods and, following at a dangerously short interval, exercises his gifts on problems of the master's setting. All this does not prevent him being a fine painter. The general impression created by his room at the Petit Palais is one of great beauty. But it is an easier beauty than Picasso's.

Leger maintains his high standard. I have always thought him about the best of the doctrinaires. Always there is a fine sonority and sense of proportion in his work, and if there is no more that may be because the doctrine allows no more. Leger, I suspect, is a martyr to his creed. Another victim, more pitiable because more sensitive, was Juan Gris. I have before me at this moment one of his early works, one of the first oil-paintings, I believe, he ever sold. It is a still life,

touched by cubism; it has delicious qualities of feeling and observation, as well as fine qualities of paint. The qualities of paint remained to the end; the others were eliminated, or almost eliminated, on principle. Gris came at cubism too early, and stayed too long. Had he survived—he died ten years ago—he might have tried to escape; but I doubt he was already too old to change his opinions or enrich his experience. Poverty of experience, that was the bane of Gris and of his fellows in misfortune and conviction. I have a notion that in their early years painters should be experimenting incessantly and recording abundantly every sort of visual experience, and should not greatly care if their pictures are over detailed, fussy and incoherent in consequence. Simplification will come—that is, if they are artists and not mere pot-boilers—and last of all should come abstraction. Abstraction to mean anything must be abstracted from something: *a priori* abstraction is a ghost that never had a body. It is to be noted that those painters who have profited most by cubism came at it with minds already stored with pictorial experience, and left when they felt strong enough to impose an order of their own on the reactions of a mature temperament. This the fanatics of abstraction regarded as apostasy. They remained integral and pure. Let us hope that their sense of virtue is a satisfying reward. For the sole positive contribution of their works, the works of the well-drilled rank-and-file, is occasionally to add desolation to the dreary rooms in which they hang.

My conscientious efforts to discover twopennyworth of sack in this intolerable deal of bread were rewarded by a pang of unlooked for sympathy with the surrealists, who are to be found at the Jeu de Paume in force. I can understand that young painters bound apprentice to the artisans of abstraction, and bidden to find in the doctrine all that is necessary to salvation, should cry "to Hell with such aridity, give us matter." I can imagine them asserting that, for their part, they were prepared to stuff their pictures with any old or new thing—cheap romance, melodrama, anecdote, daydreams, nightmares or unsophisticated obscenity—rather than spend their days laboriously creating a void. Surrealism is the natural reaction from cubism. As a mere critic of painting I cannot take much interest in what so far it has produced. Mirò alone seems to me to have the root of the matter in him; unless Paul Klee, who for years has displayed a pretty turn for the manipulation of colours, is to be reckoned of the party. And Mirò spreads his butter thin. To say as much as Picasso says in a square inch—I am thinking particularly of a brooch he once made, which was in fact oval—Mirò needs five square feet. Yet I often long for Mirò and his merry men when I enter one of those modern or modernised cafés (Weber for instance) where abstract and functionalist doctrines have prevailed, and made of a place of pleasure something resembling a prison or a hospital. One would rejoice if a horde of surrealist painters could be let loose on these bleak walls and pillars. It is this antiseptic style, a product of cubism, which makes one regret the good old red plush and chandeliers; and it would be interesting to hear what Professor Veblen, with his theory of conspicuous waste, would have to say about the bald squalor in which at present the French bourgeoisie appears to delight.

Once I had conceived of surrealism as a reaction against cubism, I felt enough sympathy with the young movement to enable me to look attentively and hopefully at the work of Dali and Max Ernst. I perceived that the former, at any rate, had a head full of curious and disconcerting fancies which he contrived to convey ingeniously. What I cannot admit is that he is a good painter. The reason, I imagine, why many cultivated and up-to-date people hold a contrary opinion is that they are become so used to the broad handling of paint and free drawing, current in most reputable shows of contemporary art since the time of the Impressionists, that they are willing to believe that anyone who affects tight drawing and a buttery surface is a master technician. They should go to the summer exhibitions at Burlington House: there they will see plenty of pictures every bit as tight and slippery as Dali's, from which, indeed, they differ only in choice of subject.

I shall be surprised if Surrealism, as a movement, endures; but the influence of these painters who have demanded more content at any price may well be considerable. In precisely what form the desire will manifest itself, what fruit it will bear, I cannot guess. Those will be questions for someone like myself to puzzle over thirty years hence. I envy him the task. For though I can believe almost anything of the future I cannot believe that it will be dull. CLIVE BELL

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 8th—
- Opening of Exhibition of Chinese Art, 9 Conduit Street. Proceeds for Chinese Medical Relief.
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
- A Puppet Show by the Malvern Marionette Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- English Folk Dance and Song Society Festival, Royal Albert Hall, 8.15.

SUNDAY, January 9th—
- W. B. Curry on "Divorce and the New Law," Conway Hall, 11.
- Pat Sloan on "Twenty Years of Soviets," 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1, 8.

TUESDAY, January 11th—
- C. E. M. Joad on "The Significance of Huxley's Book: 'Ends and Means,'" Friends House, 1.20.
- C. E. M. Joad on "What Has Happened to Progress in the Nineteen-Thirties?" Conway Hall, 7.
- Dr. Harold Avery on "Paternity Tests," Conway Hall, 8.

WEDNESDAY, January 12th—
- Maurice B. Reckitt on "Christianity and the Totalitarian State," Fellowship House, The Sanctuary, 3.

THURSDAY, January 13th—
- G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.
- Public Meeting to Welcome Subhas Bose. Speakers include Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, Laurence Housman, Lord Listowel and others. Conway Hall, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall, 8.15.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the best autobiographies that I know is the shortest: I mean Hume's. Reading *The Summing Up* by Somerset Maugham (Heinemann, 10*s.* 6*d.*) I regretted that he had missed the opportunity to write a comparable book. For in *The Summing Up*, he tells us just about as much about his personal life as Hume chose to tell us, but the record is, unfortunately, scattered through a book of 75,000 words about style, the theatre and its future, the artist, etc., which would have made another, but less valuable book. Owing to this dispersion we get the impression that Mr. Maugham has told us less than he really has. The important things are there, but they are sandwiched in short staccato sentences between judgments of much less importance. If Mr. Maugham had given us all that really mattered of his life and his philosophy in a hundred pages he would have written a masterpiece. Whereas Hume was a man of very happy temperament, Mr. Maugham is unhappy and success has been powerless to change him in this respect. As a child he stammered, he was bullied, he was small. The death of his mother, followed soon after by that of his father, left a permanent mark on his nature. He was from his childhood preoccupied with the evil in the world: he is so still. The last seventy pages of *The Summing Up*, which contain by far the best part of it, review the philosophies by which man has sought to reconcile himself, all of which are inadequate. Mr. Maugham calls Bradley's treatment of the subject "appallingly gentlemanlike. He leaves you with the impression that it is really rather bad form to attach any great importance to evil, and that though its existence must be admitted, it is unreasonable to make a fuss about it." Yet the list of evils is, as Mr. Maugham points out, interminable, and the explanations offered by philosophers and theologians seem almost frivolously inept.

> Some say He has sent them upon men to punish them for their sins. But *I* have seen a child die of meningitis. I have found only one explanation which appealed equally to my sensibility and to my imagination. This is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls . . . I can only regret that I find the doctrine as impossible to believe as the solipsism of which I spoke just now.

A preoccupation with the vast amount of evil in the world has naturally destroyed Mr. Maugham's belief in God, since if God is omnipotent, He is bad; if good, He is not all-powerful, and a limited God provides no explanation of the Universe. The arguments for survival after death are not such as "would lead one to embark upon a practical operation of any importance." But if death ends all, what is one here for? "The answer is plain, but it is so unpalatable most men will not face it. There is no reason for life and life has no meaning." A little further on Mr. Maugham quotes with approval Goethe's solution of the problem: "The secret of life is living." Yet though Mr. Maugham recognises that this is intellectually and emotionally the best that can be said, it is not so much help to him as it was to Goethe with his robust love of life, since he cannot forget evil for long. The vast majority of mankind, like healthy animals, find the mere fact of being alive a source of happiness and interest. The only consolation for evil is to be found in nature: seeing the living happy consoles us for the dead and makes our own extinction a matter of small consequence. If this consolation is inadequate, there is no help for us.

* * *

Many readers will prefer to dwell on Mr. Maugham's remarks about literary style and the limitations of the drama. But I confess I found them much less congenial than his stoic agnosticism. Frequently his judgments irritate me:

> Now that everyone admits the right of a woman to her own personality it is impossible to listen to *A Doll's House* without impatience.

Perhaps the explanation is that he thinks different things at different times, and that one can allow for a little inconsistency.

> I know people who read the same book over and over again. It can only be that they read with their eyes and not with their sensibility. It is a mechanical exercise like the Tibetan's turning of a praying wheel. It is doubtless a harmless occupation, but they are wrong if they think it an intelligent one.

The reader who has promised himself the great pleasure of re-reading some of his favourite books by Mr. Maugham and hoped to profit by doing so, will feel a little dashed. I hesitated myself to open *Cakes and Ale* for the sake of "the harmless but unintelligent" pleasure of laughing over Alroy Kear's plans for the biography of Driffield—perhaps one of the sharpest satires of modern times. But fifty pages farther on came consolation:

> Before starting a novel I read *Candide* over again so that I may have in the back of my mind the touchstone of that lucidity, grace and wit; I have a notion that it would not hurt the English philosophers of our day if before they set about a work they submitted themselves to the discipline of reading Hume's Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding. For it is not invariably that they write now with distinction.

* * *

Mr. Maugham has a good deal to say about literary style, but I do not agree with most of his opinions. He exalts the virtues of lucidity, simplicity and euphony, and he praises Dryden's prose which has, as he says, "a spring-time gaiety, a conversational ease, a blithe spontaneousness that are enchanting." But he lumps Johnson and Gibbon together as examples of turgidity. They were "victims of false theory." He does not care for the Elizabethans.

> To my mind, King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose. . . . I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people . . . the fact remains that ever since, the English language has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance.

To *my* mind, on the other hand, it is difficult to decide whether the Reformation did more to awaken the spiritual life of England, or the A.V. to inspire her writers! Mr. Maugham thinks, however, that American writers have escaped from the blighting influence of the Bible, though it can hardly be from lack of familiarity in the land of Bible Marathons. His own style, though perfectly lucid and simple, is painfully lacking in that virtue (I do not know its name) which makes the reader who has finished one sentence begin to read the next, flattering him by a happy sound, sense and sequence to proceed. Mr. Maugham's chopped off sentences bring the reader up with a full stop, and his prose often sounds more like shovelling coals on the grate than the stockdove brooding over its own sweet voice.

* * *

To get the best out of *The Summing Up* it is necessary to re-read it. I have read most of it twice. It is a difficult book: the author is chilling and uneasy and the reader soon becomes uncomfortable and apt to pick on small differences and neglect the large subjects where he is in agreement. . . . The usual convention in a book of this sort is that the author has invited the reader to a feast, and that he is pleased to pass the port and the walnuts and to hold forth. Mr. Maugham does not accept this agreeable convention. For a little while the reader will innocently wonder whether he is being given the welcome to which his library subscription entitles him. He might decide to steal away, seeking accommodation with a sunnier aspect, if a suspicion as to the true reason for the book's title did not grow on him. He has been bidden not to a couch at the symposium but to a seat in the dock! It is not for nothing that Mr. Maugham comes of a family which has sat on the bench for generations. The suspicion, the fear, becomes certainty and it is without surprise that one hears the short sharp sentences which can leave no doubt in the mind of an impartial jury. We are guilty: there are no extenuating circumstances but we go unprotesting to the cells. He is an upright judge.

DAVID GARNETT

RIMBAUD AND VERLAINE

Rimbaud Vivant. Par ROBERT GOFFIN. *Editions Corrêa.* 15 *fr.*
Sketch for a Portrait of Rimbaud. By HUMPHREY HARE. *Brendin Publishing Company.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Paul Verlaine. By BECHHOFER ROBERTS. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*
Arthur Rimbaud in Abyssinia. By ENID STARKIE. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As long as the origins of genius defy analysis, the life of Arthur Rimbaud will remain one of the most interesting literary case-histories ever put on record. Seldom has genius developed more unexpectedly, more completely, in a shorter space of time. Seldom (one might add) has it appeared with a smaller intermixture of mere talent. Never have its operations been more self-destructive: for the extinction of Rimbaud's genius seems to have been a necessary concomitant of its rapid growth. It did not tail off into mediocrity: it did not suffer a gradual process of attenuation as the pressure of adult life slowly subdued the ferments of adolescence. The creative impulse streamed skywards—then burst like a rocket: there was no period of "youthful promise": none of decline. Did Rimbaud renounce poetry—or poetry, Rimbaud? Circumstances can scarcely be held responsible, since Rimbaud's circumstances, at the moment when he ceased writing verse, were no more unpropitious than during the period of his greatest intellectual activity. He might still have conquered a literary reputation. But he abandoned art; and so effectively did he abandon it that every trace of the artist died in his character. He came to speak of his early career as of another life, with the embarrassed shrug that we reserve for ridiculous memories.

What was the motive power, and how did it fail? Or did it not fail? Was it directed into different channels; and in the merchant of Harrar—so laborious and, ultimately, so unsuccessful—should we attempt to recognise the visionary poet of Charleville and Paris? Had Verlaine contributed towards the change? Obviously, the younger man was the stronger character. But, for Rimbaud, Verlaine had the fascination of being his own exact moral antithesis—feminine where he himself was masculine, weak and pliable where he was hard and unscrupulous, by some mysterious trick of fate his predestined slave. The story of their association has often been written. It is not a very edifying story; but it forms the central episode in two important and extraordinarily interesting lives; and, no doubt, it will attract many future biographers. Four books have recently been written around Verlaine and Rimbaud. None of them is entirely satisfactory; but each represents a point of view; and—with reservations—each volume is worth reading. M. Goffin is conscientious but a trifle bigoted. He has pondered deeply on the various aspects of Rimbaud's life, followed his tracks through the by-ways of France and Belgium, gazed fixedly—a little too fixedly—at the poet's photograph. He has arrived at a conclusion; and his conclusion is biased. He *may* be right; but, if he is right, it is on a single plane.

Rimbaud, he announces, was homosexual. It seems clear, nowadays, that Rimbaud's relations with Verlaine were not those of ordinary platonic friendship, though both Verlaine and Rimbaud denied the suggestion; but this fact has no particular importance. One reader, at least, finds it impossible to accept the author of *Une Saison en Enfer* as the tormented invert, horrified yet secretly delighted by his sexual tendencies, whom M. Goffin wishes us to conjure up. Our private vagaries are as serious as we wish to make them. For every man who flagellates himself on account of his "sins," there are a dozen who admit their aberrations and manage to integrate them in the pattern of their ordinary lives. A sense of sin is usually the symptom of some deeper malady; and Rimbaud has none of the traits of the conscious sinner.

This does not mean that he was devoid of moral feeling. Indeed, I believe that the puritanical side of Rimbaud's character has never been sufficiently brought out. But M. Goffin is intoxicated by his thesis. Having begun with the assumption that the chief problem—and the determining factor—of Rimbaud's life was the problem of homosexuality, he proceeds to supply a store of literary evidence. Thus, the exquisite poem:

> O saisons, ô châteaux!
> Quelle âme est sans défauts!
> J'ai fait la magique étude
> Du bonheur qu'aucun n'élude. . . .

is explained as an erotic effusion, addressed to Verlaine; while the third couplet:

> Salut à lui chaque fois
> Que chante le coq gaulois

is considered deserving of a specially improper gloss. On the other hand, if M. Goffin had traced the poem to its context in *Une Saison en Enfer*, he would have noticed that it is introduced by the following passage:

> Le Bonheur! Sa dent, douce à la mort, m'avertissait au chant du coq—*ad matutinum*, au *Christus venit*—dans les plus sombres villes,

and he might have connected that sentence with the memorable letter to Delahaye in which the poet describes how latterly it has been his custom to work all night and, when he has exhausted the creative impulse, to sit listening to the noises of dawn across the house-tops. M. Goffin's guess may be correct or it may be incorrect: but no good poem takes its imagery from a single stratum.

M. Goffin's contribution is incidental. His book contains some scraps of information: it includes several interesting conjectures: but the general effect is definitely *parti pris*. It is a relief to turn to less prejudiced and emotional studies. Mr. Humphrey Hare has contented himself with a *Sketch for a Portrait*. He does not pretend that Rimbaud (the poetic anarchist, who dreamed of destroying all categories, all orthodoxies, all conventions) was anything so exclusive as a devout homosexual, a passionate Catholic, a pious communard. For him, "Rimbaud's biography becomes a history of thwarted ambition." Vague, perhaps; but there are times when to be a little vague is preferable to propounding some dogmatic statement, then cutting down one's hero to fit the theory. His miniature monograph is unpretentious and easy to read. Here is the little that we know about Rimbaud, unburdened by excess of interpretation and undistorted by any preconceived view of his character. Once again that demonic personage springs to the fore. We see Rimbaud, the terrible youth, with his *chapeau melon*, long tangled hair and villainous, stinking pipe—yet, notwithstanding these squalid appurtenances, with something innocent and even infantile about his make-up, "une vraie tête d'enfant dodue et fraîche sur un grand corps osseux et maladroit d'adolescent"—as he appeared at the Mauté's bourgeois flat and was greeted by the horrified gaze of Verlaine's family. We pursue the first stages of that astonishing honeymoon which led, through Howland Street, to Brussels and a Belgian gaol.

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Mr. Roberts, by comparison, is heavy-handed. His main concern is with the biography of Paul Verlaine; and he writes of his later life, and of the cadging and boozing existence that he shared with two unattractive middle-aged mistresses, rather as the doyen of a bohemian literary club might write of some disreputable fellow member whose absurdities had made him an institution and whose shortcomings were sanctified by long acquaintance. The young Verlaine receives remarkably unkind treatment. He was brutal, we are told; he was mendacious; he was vain—with "the vanity of a weak man who at heart knew himself a coward, a wastrel and a liar." All very true, of course. Verlaine had many discreditable attributes and, during his bouts of alcoholism, behaved badly to his mother (who, nevertheless, continued to adore him) and quite intolerably to his long-suffering but commonplace wife. In describing Rimbaud's influence, he is on more difficult ground. And Mr. Roberts is hampered, moreover, by his inability to understand Rimbaud's verse; for, though he admits that *Bateau Ivre* is an uncommon achievement, he confesses himself baffled by the apparent obscurity of *Les Illuminations* and *Une Saison en Enfer*, printing an extract from the latter work—a passage in which Rimbaud speaks, not too unintelligibly, of the process of purification he has experienced through deliberate self-torture—with the observation that "what it means, goodness knows." It is safe to say that the critic who fails to comprehend the significance of *Une Saison en Enfer* cannot hope to understand Rimbaud's temperament and cannot, therefore, grasp his effect on Verlaine's life. He will not appreciate his essential puritanism—his heritage from a hard, dominant, unforgiving mother—and thus may not realise how it was that Rimbaud, "*le plus beau de tous ces mauvais anges*," should have dominated a man much older, much more experienced and, apparently, much more distinguished than himself, eventually driving him to degraded subjection and the verge of insanity. The *Vierge Folle* was the predestined victim of the *Epoux Infernal*. After the catastrophe, Verlaine sought refuge with the Catholic Church.

Finally, Miss Starkie rounds off the picture. Her impressions of Rimbaud at Harrar and Aden are doubly pathetic, because her book itself is written in an exceedingly arid and uncompromising style. Let no one imagine that, after Rimbaud had abandoned literature, literary sympathies continued to inform his mind or that exalted ambitions still worked in his spirit. His correspondence, at any rate, gives us no reason to believe that Rimbaud, between twenty and thirty, was an interesting or evidently exceptional person. It is dull, painful, depressing, packed with complaints as to the dreariness of the people among whom he lived, the ghastliness of the landscape through which he travelled. He longs to be married: he wishes he lived in Europe: he regrets that he has never begotten a child—he imagines his son becoming "*ingénieur renommé*," equipped with "*l'instruction la plus complète qu'on puisse atteindre à cette époque*." He writes of money, money, money, as a means to his end. His standpoint is that of his peasant ancestors. After a long struggle, his mother's influence had carried the day.

PETER QUENNELL

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BALI

Island of Bali. By MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS, with an Album of photographs by ROSE COVARRUBIAS. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

The little island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies has so upset the balance of some of its visitors that they have tried to repay their debt of pleasure by endowing it with plants and birds and beasts which never grew there, and re-stocking its domesticated temple parks with the tigers which now only leave a rare footprint in its own fast vanishing jungles. Mr. Covarrubias has paid his debt in a much better way, and his encyclopaedia of Balinese life will surely at last persuade those who stay at home why, when one goes to Bali, one does not find time to visit as well all the islands and continents which lie between Java and Australia; for apart from the dazzling beauty and variety of its landscapes there is enough of human interest to keep one happy for years in Bali alone. Mr. Covarrubias has not limited himself to his own observations; he makes accessible also to English readers the laborious studies of such Dutchmen as Korn and van der Tuuk, as well as the fascinating accounts of early travellers. Perhaps some, like Mr. Covarrubias himself, will regret that Bali has come into the limelight. But those who are studying in detail any of the immensely varied branches of Balinese activity must be grateful that this comprehensive and vital study of the background absolves them in future from making general statements, since everyone interested in Bali will surely read this book, which gives so excellent a general view of the history of Bali and of everything pertaining to its present life. The task was unusually difficult, owing to the special character of almost every village, which sometimes makes one feel that there are nothing but exceptions. A few unsubstantiated generalisations about Polynesian affinities and animism are not peculiar to this book! What is peculiar is the manner in which the author has absorbed and presented so vast a mass of fascinating information. The following story is characteristic of the way in which fact is continually dressed in fancy. It is told of a very exclusive village (much visited, however, by Europeans) which to its great indignation is popularly suspected to have formerly sacrificed and eaten its old men, so that at one time none were left. "For a long time the council had planned to rebuild the assembly hall, already in ruins. The wood for the pillars had been cut by the old men years before and was dried and well seasoned. But when the time came to put up the pillars the workers could not proceed, because no one knew which was the bottom and which the top of the logs. (It is forbidden throughout Bali to stand a log in a building in the opposite direction from which it grew.) Work was interrupted till a young man announced that if they swore to stop eating their old men, he would find a way to locate the right end of the logs. After long deliberation the council agreed, and presently the young man produced his own grandfather, whom he had kept hidden for years in a rice granary. . . . The old man measured each log, tied a rope in the exact centre, and had it lifted up; the end closer to the roots was heavier and the log tilted in that direction, so the council could proceed with their work, and old men could continue to live." Stories about the popular belief in the life and power of krisses (the Malay dagger) illustrate still further this animation of "inanimate" objects which is so characteristic of the Balinese. The kris has a spirit with which a medium may communicate and learn its past history, just as he can dip into the soul of a human being. Mr. Covarrubias, who explains so much, uses without explanation a word which is neither in

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Webster nor in the Oxford Dictionary. By a *Ferris-Wheel* he must mean the huge wooden swings, of which the seats, several to a swing, are carried over the top in a complete circle. In the village of Tenganan about eight of these swings are set up at intervals in the main street of the village, which includes the assembly-hall of the elders, and all the unmarried girls, after performing a singularly sober dance, complete the ritual on the swings, without a touch of the hilarity which we generally associate with swinging.

There is a great wealth of photographic illustration, not very well reproduced, as well as drawings by Covarrubias and two or three colour reproductions of his paintings. Though the Balinese always tend to caricature themselves in their pictures, one regrets that Covarrubias felt obliged to do so, too. We shall soon be hearing that Balinese women are like elongated insects.

BERYL DE ZOETE

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The Poems of Francis Thompson. Oxford Editions of Standard Authors. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Within a few days of receiving my review copy of Francis Thompson's poems, I happened to buy the *Poèmes Choisis* of Verlaine in the Editions de Cluny. No one could fail to be struck by the physical resemblance between Thompson and Verlaine in the frontispieces to these two books. But it is not only a saturnine appearance which the two poets have in common; both were Catholics, both were drunkards, both were self-consciously not "grown-ups" but children, both in their role of child-poet were morbidly preoccupied with the beauty of very young girls. Reading their poems one realises how superior, when in the grip of an addiction, the French character becomes to the English. Compare the series of poems by Thompson called *Sister Songs* with Verlaine's *Les Amies*, and one finds that in penetrating an experience which seems to him profoundly sinful, Verlaine has produced a work of spiritual significance, whereas Thompson's glutinous pathos fills one with a sense of shame.

With less self-pity, a less generalised and exalted view of his own sins and unworthiness, a more penetrating power of self-analysis, a greater verbal clarity, Francis Thompson might have been an English Verlaine. As it is, he was influenced by Swinburne and Coventry Patmore, perhaps the most unfortunate models he could have chosen. On the one hand, had he been influenced by Tennyson, he might have disciplined his thought and continued to write with the precision shown in two of his best poems, "Daisy" and "The Poppy"; on the other, had he eschewed all models, his indiscipline itself might have become a virtue, instead of being tamed to the domesticities of Patmore.

The best poems of Francis Thompson are the well-known ones which have appeared in the anthologies—"The Hound of Heaven," "To My Godchild," "Daisy," "The Poppy," "The Kingdom of God." It is really distressing to find these, and a few others, buried under the mass of verbiage which makes up the greatest part of his Collected Poems, for they are very remarkable indeed.

"The Hound of Heaven" is an astonishing phenomenon in English literature: it is a poem expressing an intense religious belief and an important spiritual experience. It is an exciting poem with a real development of interest, like the development of a theme in music, which gains pressure until the final release of the coda's triumphant "that Voice is round me like a bursting sea." Again and again the great virtue of this poem lies in its conviction: one has to go back to Donne's sonnets to find the image of a heavenly trumpet used as authentically as in these lines:

> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity;
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

Compare "The Hound of Heaven" with Chesterton's "Lepanto" and one sees the difference between the poetry of real conviction and the typical product of that pastiche romanticism which is the contemporary Catholic mind in writers such as Chesterton and Belloc.

Thompson's mind was indeed that of a credulous, religious, naughty child, and the supreme moments of his poetry are moments of supreme innocence:

> Turn but a stone and start a wing!

Self-consciousness does not betray his innocence: it is the self-consciousness of a child who has been congratulated by the grown-ups on being a child:

> Look for me in the nurseries of heaven.

What one misses everywhere in his poetry is the intellectual grasp of the adult. Even his sins are childish affairs: his lamentable addictions do not open new doors into profound levels of experience (as in Verlaine or Baudelaire); they are just rapid little improvisations to escape from the necessity of being grown up. There are, indeed, several attempts in this book to write poems on mature subjects, but for the most part they do no more than open the floodgates of a poetic habit of thought which has flow but little form:

> The wassailous heart of the Year is thine!
> His Bacchic fingers disentwine
> His coronal
> At thy festival . . .

So it flows on, the rich, heavy ooze of a poet whose powers are asleep except when they occasionally awaken to express a child's uncritical vision of the world and of heaven, or a child's feeling towards other children.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE PATHOLOGY OF MONEY

The Economics of Inflation. By PROFESSOR C. BRESCIANI-TURRONI. *Allen and Unwin.* 25*s.*

For most people there is something peculiarly fascinating about abnormality, especially if it is observed from a comfortable distance. Even those misguided persons who recoil from economics because they think it is dull or difficult or debasing cannot but feel a sneaking interest in the story of the great German inflation. A state of affairs in which cash has to be carried in suitcases because a purse or trouser pocket is hopelessly inadequate, where prices rise a million times in a few months, where the Central Bank apologises for being able to print only 120,000 billion paper marks in a day, possesses a certain compelling grandeur which even the most fanatical disciple of Ruskin or Carlyle must find it hard to resist.

For economists and for students of politics the significance of the inflation is, of course, much greater. To the former it represents a gigantic monetary experiment, to the latter a phase of post-war German social life immensely interesting both for itself and because in it is to be found the origin of so much that has since taken place. If the victory of German Fascism was the direct product of the great depression, the seeds of that victory were certainly sown in the years of the great inflation.

For many reasons, therefore, the appearance of an English translation of Professor Bresciani-Turroni's celebrated book, *Le Vicende del Marco Tedesco*, is greatly to be welcomed. The author lived in Germany from 1920 to 1929, first as a member of the Berlin staff of the Reparations Commission and later as economic adviser to the Agent-General of Reparations. He was thus in an unrivalled position to observe the march of events and to obtain all the material required for his analysis. His book is certainly one of the most brilliant studies in applied economics published for many years.

To the general reader two questions are likely to be of particular interest. What were the causes of the inflation? What were its social consequences? The answers given in this book are decisive and illuminating. On the first question the views of the Reichsbank, the officials and the industrialists were naive to a degree. They held that the collapse of the mark was due to the state of the balance of payments and that this was caused largely by the necessity of paying reparations. Monetary policy, it was claimed, had nothing to do with it at all. Professor Bresciani-Turroni has no difficulty in disposing of such ideas. He shows that in the early years there was no correlation between the fall in the mark on the foreign exchange market and the extent of the budget deficit, and that throughout the period as a whole the budget deficit amounted to three times the expenditure incurred on account of the Treaty. While admitting that the exchange position made things difficult for the authorities, he argues conclusively that the depreciation could never have continued had the issue of notes been restricted.

Why did the note issues continue? There were more sinister reasons than the mere influence of erroneous ideas. The violent opposition of the wealthy classes to the necessary taxation measures prevented the government from adopting them. Furthermore, these same classes began to speculate heavily against the mark and so acquired a positive vested interest in further depreciation.

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They were joined by others. "The number of people whose interests were favoured by a continuous depreciation of the mark increased continually in Germany. Not only the great industries and the large merchant firms, but also very numerous classes of investors hoarded foreign bills or currency. . . . In a much-frequented cabaret the manager used to address the public in these words: 'Many gentlemen are good-humoured this evening, that is to say, the dollar rises!' or even 'Many people this evening have melancholy faces, that is to say, the mark rises!'"

The social effects of the German inflation were very much what monetary theory and the experience of similar phenomena in the past would lead one to expect. Industrial capitalists did well out of it and some of them accumulated vast fortunes; the real wages of workers were lowered; the old middle classes and the small rentiers were destroyed. The whole process seriously weakened the new democracy. "The great industrialists and landowners were enabled, by the profits obtained from the monetary depreciation, to finance generously the propaganda and the campaign against the Republic." On the other hand "The Funds collected by the big trade unions and by the Socialist Party evaporated. The working classes were beaten by the inflation. . . ."

Economists, it is hardly necessary to add, will find the whole book quite absorbing. There are many interesting discussions about the validity of certain propositions in monetary theory and the light thrown upon them by the German experience; one might perhaps single out for special mention the masterly analysis of the stabilisation "miracle" and the crisis in the capital goods trades which succeeded it.

HUGH GAITSKELL

1937—POOR VINTAGE

The Year's Poetry, 1937. Compiled by D. KILHAM ROBERTS and GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Lane.* 5s.

The Best Poems of 1937. Selected by THOMAS MOULT. *Cape.* 6s.

While other poetry reviewers have been congratulating themselves in double columns on the number of volumes they have got through during the year, I find I have noticed five: Frost's *A Further Range*, Emily Dickinson's Collected, Eliot's version of *Anabase*, George Barker's *Calamiterror*, Stevie Smith's *A Good Time was had by All*. Another four which I read and ought to have written about but didn't were: *Journeys and Places* by Edwin Muir, *Sebastian* by Rayner Heppenstall, *Poems* by Rex Warner, *The Disappearing Castle* by Charles Madge. My response to these was tepid, and rather than hang them out in damp weather, I let them go. What a year! Apart from Auden's *Spain* (reviewed here by Mr. Connolly) and Eliot's little poems about cats broadcast on Christmas Day, there has been little enough of even minor interest. *The Year's Poetry* and *The Best Poems* have scraped round, and the result is disappointing. No Yeats, no Eliot, no Campbell, Binyon, Sassoon, Plomer. By any test *The Year's Poetry* is the better anthology. Taste, however, is so partial and the body of readers so small that it is as well to find a distinguishing term: the first book is for iconoclasts, the second for Parnassians.

Hopkins, I think it was, used the word "Parnassian" to describe poets who rely on a caste diction. It was not merely an expression of recoil; he could and did admire Milton; Browning he detested. Nevertheless, the distinction is clear, and every age has its Brahmins and its buttonholers. Victorianism saw the triumph of the Pure Parnassian, such Parnassians as Tennyson, Swinburne and Rossetti who hardly recur to-day. Mr. Sturge Moore? Perhaps; he could not watch footballers without moulding them to the Greek. But the objection to Parnassian poetry is not that it is remote or escapist, terms we apply to all art we dislike. No, the real objection is that, by removing everything to a single level, it macadamises emotion, and except with a great poet that level is likely to be struck too high. A Parnassian is a poet living on credit which he never meets. Possibly that is the sort of poet you like; then *The Best Poems of 1937* is for you. "The Poet's aching mission," writes Mr. Humbert Wolfe, the laureate of this book. Ache for what? Writing poetry, I suppose; and many pens here ache with him. Into one poem Mr. Wolfe pitches "heart's desire," "lute and tabor," "strange fair look," "the strength of his dream," nightingales, pastures, Muses, "unearthly bays," "the old careless sweetness of despair," etc., etc., etc. This, let me add, is one of his conversational efforts. He has robbed the bank.

I do not, of course, mean the word "Parnassian" to refer to the French school of Parnassiens. Born a century earlier Mr. Wolfe would have rivalled "L. E. L." Nor is *The Best Poems* negligible. It is magaziney, but contains respectable work by De la Mare, Edwin Muir, Ruth Pitter, Herbert Palmer, Richard Church, and W. H. Davies, joined this year by Auden and Spender (both below form). And some of the others have marvellous names. Mr. Robert P. Tristram Coffin could no more hope to live up to his than Dickens's Mr. Venus.

The Year's Poetry is nearer the real thing, and for that reason more depressing. It gives one the measure of the year. Without either Yeats or Eliot such a volume must inevitably disappoint. To make up weight, the editors admit for the first time American writers and translations. Conrad Aiken and Frederick Prokosh are the Americans—why not Frost and Marianne Moore, incomparably finer poets, both of whom have published during the last twelve months? And for translations, here are topical and not very impressive pieces from the Spanish, but nothing from Waley's new volume of Chinese lyrics, nothing salvaged from the Pound *Cantos*. The other poets mentioned earlier in this article, Campbell, Sassoon, Plomer, etc., have presumably written nothing, for I cannot imagine that the disparate tastes of the two editors, admitted in a preface, would have excluded them all.

What remains, though, if not striking, is agreeable. Three charming poems by De la Mare, of which "The Cage" is the first and begins the volume:

> Thou angel face!—like a small exquisite cage,
> Such as some old Chinese
> Once spent his love and skill on—youth to age,
> In hope its destined prisoner to please;
> And then had empty left; since he had heard
> What death would do in setting free the bird.

In Andrew Young there are touches of a lesser, a more landscape-gardening Frost. It is a mark of individuality that he avoids the note of Edward Thomas.

> The stable boys thud by
> Their horses slinging divots to the sky
> And with bright hooves
> Printing the sodden turf with lucky grooves.

Edwin Muir, Herbert Palmer and W. J. Turner contribute poems as good as anything they have written. Even the Herbert Read pieces—though I am not a connoisseur in such things—seem decidedly more alive than usual. The old guard, in fact, with leaders missing, does pretty well. Then come Auden and Spender, and after them countless little Audens; like a man sitting in a café he has only to lift up his pen for every mirror to follow him with its reflection. The quality of most of these writers could be gauged by the amount of *unlikeness* they display to Auden. Obviously it has been Auden's year, and the tributes to him in the current number of *New Verse* are impressive; Mr. Isherwood contributes the most revealing article on him I have read. None of the five poems in *The Year's Poetry* seems to me quite on the level of his last volume, *Look Stranger*. But his gravity and his jauntiness are developing—curiously, of course, though not too curiously. There are examples here of both; the second more easily quotable. "Song for the New Year," with its fantasy of the Devil broken loose as a tea-time uncle, is an advance on the satire of the plays.

> For the Devil has broken parole and arisen,
> He has dynamited his way out of prison,
> Out of the well where his Papa throws
> The rebel angel, the outcast rose.
>
> Like influenza he walks abroad,
> He stands on the bridge, he waits by the ford;
> As a goose or a gull he flies overhead,
> He hides in the cupboards and under the bed.

Soon the general public, and the older critics, will discover that Auden is readable.

The Auden trail towards the end of the book joins with Surrealism. Queer images and platitude; or just queer images. Mr. Gascoyne collects Surrealism with a pretty hand; Mr. George Barker has a talent, but writes atrociously.

Otherwise, there is Spender with several poems, two of which have already appeared in these pages; the first of Norman Cameron's translations from Rimbaud ("Les Corbeaux"); Louis MacNeice's "Epilogue to *Letters from Iceland*"; and a gay, stinging ballad by Mr. Geoffrey Parsons called "Unto Us a Prince is Born." Mr. Dylan Thomas is disappointing, though he cracks out some splendid lines. Altogether, despite the year, it is still a book to buy.

G. W. STONIER

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I JOINED THE ARMY

I Joined the Army. By FRANK GRIFFIN. *Secker and Warburg.* 6*s.*

This book is a complete indictment of the army system to-day, and in view of the changes which are now taking place in the British Army it is of particular interest. It is an account of the author's experiences during his six years of service in the Tank Corps. Like the majority of young men who join up these days he was recruited by the best recruiting-sergeant the war department have—unemployment. "In the northern town where I lived half the normal adult population was out of work. I had seen so much real poverty among them, that I could never have faced a life similar to theirs."

I Joined the Army should give its readers who have never given much thought to the life of the modern soldier a great deal to think about. They will look twice when they see a Tommy coming down the street. They will know that he probably has to be back in barracks again before long, and that he will have to get up very early to start another dreary day. Or maybe if he looks tired he has been up all night on guard. A look at the shiny boots will remind them of the time spent on "boning" the grease out of them, grease which seems to have been purposely rubbed in to make more work for the soldier. Or, if the Tommy is an older man, they will know why he stands at the bar swigging pint after pint without saying a word to anyone.

Of new interest also becomes that well-known poster which asks people to join the army and see the world, with good pay, good beds, good food, and plenty of sport thrown in. Mr. Griffin describes what it all amounts to. Most soldiers don't want to spend the best years of their lives in some Empire station; the beds are uncomfortable; the pay is low; the food is sometimes unfit to eat; and what sport there is only comes to the favoured few, except for boxing which, if you don't mind being knocked about the ring by the battalion champions until you are silly, is open to everyone who is fool enough to go in for it.

The chapter on promotion is extremely illuminating. Favouritism beats efficiency every time. The author describes how badly new promotions are taken by the men. They cause a lot of bitterness and ill-feeling. And rightly so. With the army rate of pay so low, there is hardly enough left for more than two decent evenings out a week, after all the taxes for barrack damages, sport, washing, and so on have been deducted.

Mr. Griffin deals also with desertions, about which one reads a great amount in the newspapers:

> Why did men desert? For a number of reasons. Recruits deserted because they could not stand the rigorous training, the petty restrictions on liberty, the hateful bullying, baiting and swearing of the N.C.O.'s, the bad food, the lack of money and the general atmosphere in which morale was dragged to its lowest degree.

Older soldiers deserted "because at home there was poverty, or because of offer of employment by some friend of the family, or because of love for a woman." According to army law there is no justification for desertion, no matter what the circumstances. Leniency can never be expected. Desertion is desertion. The longer you are away the larger the sentence.

It is very natural that civilian clothes for walking out of barracks should be a sore point with the soldier of to-day. It does not mean that he can forget the army when he is on leave, as a civilian can forget his job. The kind of clothes he is allowed to wear are too limited:

> Bowler hats, although allowed, were frowned upon: a bare head almost got you in the guard-room. A trilby had to be worn so that when you met an officer you could lift it gracefully, at the same time keeping your eyes to the right (or left as the case may be) and keeping your left thumb in line with the seam of your trousers. Ten to one your trousers would be blue or brown. Suits any other colour but those might make you feel above your station in life.

In this book the whole of army life is covered, each aspect of it being dealt with under separate chapters. The author writes in a lively manner and has the happy knack of getting on with his stories without wasting any time. If anyone knows a young man who is thinking of joining the army I recommend that before doing so he should make himself acquainted with Mr. Frank Griffin's description of it. Perhaps he will still want to join, but at least he will know what he is in for, and maybe this knowledge will make things happier for him. It will be difficult for some people to believe parts of *I Joined the Army*. Such a state of affairs, they will say, could not possibly exist. But they do, and, from my own experience I can vouch for everything Mr. Griffin describes.

TONY HYNDMAN

NEW NOVELS

I'm Not Complaining. By RUTH ADAM. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Two for Joy. By E. MORCHARD BISHOP. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Half an Eye: Sea Stories. By JAMES HANLEY. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

No Innocent Abroad. By C. P. RODOCANACHI. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Two for Joy has been recommended by the Book Society, and there is no reason why it shouldn't have been, but it is a great pity that *I'm Not Complaining* wasn't recommended as well. Of the two, it is more deserving of the public's attention, because it describes, with considerable honesty and wit, a part of this country's life that not enough people know much about, namely, the National School. It is a digestible, amusing book which really tells one a little about the English, and how they behave: as things are, that's quite enough to ask.

The novel's theme is Slum-School *versus* Young Educated Spinster, plus Politics, and the general feeling of the book is that of a good G.P.O. film which, in a curious way, has managed to include the agitations of a detective story, without any of its beastly unlikelihoods. For instance, when Madge (the heroine, but not the headmistress) says she "shook all over" in the following circumstances, one believes her. She is teaching a class, and looks through a glass panel:

> In the passage leading from the playground . . . were two masculine figures in well-cut overcoats, felt hats, and carrying despatch-cases. I looked twice. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I found myself shaking all over.

What is exciting about Miss Adam's book is that those despatch-cases don't contain dreary old sawn-off shotguns, but Government papers. The School Inspectors have arrived. But the effect on the school is as terrifying as anybody could wish, and if lives didn't hang in the balance, livelihoods did. The first thing she does is to tear a page out of an exercise book, write "H.M.I. here," and surreptitiously send a pupil with it to all the other teachers.

Miss Adam's story, which is really a series of deftly threaded incidents, is placed in the slums of what is probably a Midland industrial town. There is a great deal of unemployment, and consequently there are prolonged wrangles with loquacious and extraordinarily insulting parents (the author minces few words), who wish their children to earn rather than learn. When the dole is cut, the local parson, in swinging canonicals, helps to lead a deputation to the Town Hall, and there are moving and objectively managed accounts of police charges. One of the most interesting figures in the novel, incidentally, is a young policeman, one of the new kind. Quiet, very good-looking, six-foot and over, public school, much admired, a great arm-twister, and the sort of man who ought never to have been born. Then there is the Hunt family. The parents go off to find work in London, and one day little Teddie Hunt points, in class, to a picture of Isaac bound to the altar, and says it "looks like their baby." Madge and another teacher visit the Hunts' tenement flat, and find the youngest child trussed up on the bed, blue in the face.

> "Our Stanley ties its hands behind its back," volunteered Georgie. I began to feel a little sick.
>
> "It doesn't need to have its hands tied, though, to stop falling off, does it?"
>
> "No, Miss. But our Stanley likes doing it. He's got a book with a man in. Shall I show you the picture? The baby gets ever so cross, Miss."

The author faces the social implications of her subject very well, and, above all, there is not too much emphasis on sacrifice and uplift, as there so often is in books of this kind. For the space of the story, existence at the school has been made a shade more of a hurly-burly, one suspects, than it usually is, but, on the other hand, it is a kind of life that is lived at an unusually high pressure. In middle-class schools, teachers are up against the parents; in this sort of school, they have to contend with parents, marriage (which is practically forbidden), and a nosey, powerful State. To sum up, this novel, in addition to presenting people who rouse one's sympathy or disapproval, is *about* something. And that makes a nice change.

Two for Joy is concerned with David, a builder's clerk, and Lucy, an illustrator; his almost endless wooing, and their mal-adjustments; their struggles to maintain a living in London and Dublin, and their eventual divorce, brought about by horrible

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Lucy. In the end, the book is about the torments of legitimate desire. There is something peculiarly English about refusing to go to bed with people, and something still more English about refusing to go to bed with them *enough*. But before beginning on Lucy, it should be explained that there is more in the novel than this. A certain kind of natural writer seems to benefit by actually copying life, and Mr. Bishop is one of them. The scenery, the framework of disputes, and, most of all, the subsidiary characters, were, one senses, reproduced from observation with virtually no change. In most cases, this is fatal: in this case, it works. It has made it into an odd book, in that the minor characters often fascinate one away from the principals. But taken all in all, it is a genuine, frank and rather appealing work: it seems a first novel, and it is autobiographical. On one solitary occasion, the almost exploding David has a hurried affair with another girl, and feels constrained to tell Lucy. Lucy immediately says that all has changed.

> Lucy smiled a little wanly, and for the first and only time her control slipped. "I thought you were rather fine, David." There was a tiny hitch in her voice. "I'm rather disappointed."

Well, one knows about the Lucys. They're valiant, and they've simply got no time to be mushy and soft. They make their own way through life, with nobody to help them, loping leanly and cleanly along. One sometimes longs to strangle them with one's own hands. But the author lets David strike this Lucy only once, by mistake, and then he apologises, so it isn't any good. I don't want, by the way, to give the impression that Lucy is a caricature. Lucy is an admirable portrait of a certain type; it is a type which leads to first novels, and when the novel is as simply and truthfully written as this one, it is worth reading, if only as a warning and reminder.

Mr. Hanley is a remarkable, and sometimes slightly monotonous and difficult writer. There are moments when he reminds one of Ambrose Bierce; other moments when he seems too prolix, too emphatic, too dreamy and provokingly unrealistic. And then one returns to the conviction that here is a writer with a very exceptional talent indeed.

Half an Eye is a substantial collection of merchant-service stories; they are poetic, violent, technical and mostly sad. Among them, *The Last Voyage* (about a stoker who gets too old for his work) has appeared twice before; once in a previous volume now out of print, and once in Miss Elizabeth Bowen's recent, and excellently chosen, anthology of short stories. *Victory*, one of the longest, and possibly the best in the present selection, is the story of the sinking of a vast, converted transatlantic liner during the Great War. It appears that certain ships were used as decoys for submarines to torpedo while the important cargo got away, and the atmosphere of concealed, but inevitable, doom is magnificently conveyed.

The Storm, a shorter piece in which parts of a freighter are washed and blown away, is also to be recommended. Mr. Hanley's subject-matter is inclined, of course, to be familiar; but there is no English writer who parallels him in his approach to it, or excels him in its treatment.

When Kitchener was preparing the overthrow of the second Mahdi, there was, it seems, a sort of Greek precursor of T. E. Lawrence, called Capalos, who helped him to a very appreciable extent. *No Innocent Abroad*, whose name is Ulysses, is a mixture of this man and Zaharoff, with a dash of Papastratos, the cigarette millionaire. It can be guessed that Ulysses is made to follow, more or less, Zaharoff's career, with a good slice of the Soudan thrown in. The novel has a lot of near-history, and mystery-history, in it, which is always quite entertaining, and the pages are sprinkled with out-of-the-way facts and ingenious conjecture.

Ulysses starts his journey towards his English armaments Knighthood by helping to smuggle hashish into Egypt with some sponge-fishers, and it is at this point that one first discovers a quality in the author that disquiets. I simply will not believe that sponge-divers, on gaining the surface, "are flung several yards into the air." Then, later, when Ulysses becomes Grand Vizier to the ravening Mahdi, things get too fee-fi-fo-fum altogether—severed heads served with the pilaff, and goodness knows what. Mr. Rodocanachi imparts, by exaggeration, an air of falseness to what might quite possibly be true. Also, to include a characteristic detail, it is old-fashioned, silly, and rude to refer to negroes' faces as "bestial masks." Instead of this sort of romanticising, the author would have done better to describe the appearance of Ulysses himself before p. 245.

Nevertheless, it is an enlivening production with its desert detail and vignettes of historical grandees: as long as he keeps to the Near East, which half the time he does, Mr. Rodocanachi knows a lot, and the result is something much better, and more acceptable, than the ordinary success-story. It has been very smoothly translated by Mr. Leigh-Fermor.

BRIAN HOWARD

A SOCIAL WORKER'S LIFE

The Indiscretions of a Warden. By BASIL L. G. HENRIQUES. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

One takes up any book written by Mr. Henriques with interest because all the world which has to do with "social work" knows that he speaks and writes with the authority of a lifelong experience, principally in the Jewish quarters of the East End of London. While an undergraduate at Oxford he read *Across the Bridges* by Alec Paterson, and *The Outlines of Liberal Judaism* by Claude Montefiore. Those two books more or less decided the form which his work was to take, and they represent the two mainsprings of his life. *Across the Bridges* made him urgent to help his fellow-men who were less well off than himself, and *The Outlines of Liberal Judaism* gave him the religious motive which is so apparent in his life, and pushed him into the struggle for a more "modernist" form of Jewish religious thought and worship.

Perhaps this was inevitable when one considers the object of the book, which Mr. Henriques says in his preface is "to show how absorbingly interesting and how gloriously happy is the life of a social worker, and to hope that others may seek and find in this kind of work as much fun and joy as I have during the past twenty-four years."

Somehow that sentence might have been written twenty-four years ago, or even thirty-four. It is a little difficult to say why. "Social workers" are still needed and probably always will be, but the attitude towards such work has shifted from the rather emotional one which is represented in that sentence. We do not want so much to be kind to the poor now. We want to get rid of poverty. Mr. Henriques wants "social justice," but he is more interested in the problems of the individual than in the wider problems of administration as a whole. He soon left the more impersonal work of Public Assistance, and when he was an Alderman of the Borough of Stepney, party politics bored him. But in his dealings with individuals he is extraordinarily successful, and it is this which has made the Bernhard Baron Settlement the power which it is in the Jewish life of Stepney.

Mr. Henriques's book suffers from being too much of a scrap-book, but is valuable for its intimate account of Jewish boys and the life generally of the East End Jews. His description of the deterioration of the relationship between Jews and Gentiles since the growth of Fascism is most depressing and disgusting. He says: "The verbal bullying of a minority by the Fascists has led to physical bullying, the pulling of old men's beards, the beating of children, the breaking of shop windows"; and again, "For me, but not I fear for my immigrant co-religionists who have come direct from persecuting countries, it is a novel and cruel experience."

Of course, as Mr. Henriques says himself, "the ground must be fairly fallow for such seeds to take root." Only those who know the Jews who have escaped from Russia and Poland in the past know what a clannish life they lead, cut off from their English neighbours. And whatever is strange is usually distrusted. He strikes at the root of one of the difficulties of breaking down barriers by urging the Jews to give up Yiddish for English. The number of middle-aged East End Jews who can hardly speak or understand English is astonishing, and even their sons and daughters speak it with a foreign accent quite unlike that of the Londoners by whom they are surrounded. The old people naturally cling together, strangers still in a strange land. One has even seen in Limehouse an old woman wearing the cloth wig, the symbol of a married Jewish woman in Poland years ago.

Mr. Henriques wants to break down these barriers of race and language as far as possible, while keeping the Jewish religion in a "liberal" form. He is proud of being an Englishman, but just as an Englishman may be an enthusiastic Anglo-Catholic or Nonconformist, so is he an ardent upholder of "Progressive Judaism," and he would like his Jewish friends in the East End of London to be the same. His account of this side of his life will be for many of his readers unfamiliar and provocative of thought.

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GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. and Sat.
HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.
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SHORTER NOTICES

Scratch A Russian. By H. S. MARCHANT. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7s. 6d.

This is a book from whose perusal edification, entertainment and indulgence in a pleasant sense of mischievous laughter are all to be derived. The author is a master at Harrow, who spent six months in the U.S.S.R., unfettered by Intourist's shackles and completely uninterested in statistics or the material achievements of Magnitogorsk. For him the proper study of a visitor to Stalin's Russia was Communist man. The result is a dozen sketches of contemporary Russian life which not merely are amusing but reveal, much more significantly than do the many solemn theses written on the U.S.S.R., the successes and weaknesses of the post-Lenin regime in terms of human values. The book will doubtless infuriate the dreary tribe of ideological Marxists: Mr. Marchant, for all his (in the circumstances) astonishing freedom from political or class prejudices, is guilty of one bourgeois, criminal tendency —an inclination towards irony. He records sincere appreciation of the great material and cultural betterment achieved by the administration; and the picture of Russia which he paints, as he wanders slowly from Leningrad to Tiflis, is one of a happy country, hopeful of its future. But happiness is never procurable except at a price; and Russia, as Mr. Marchant saw it, has paid not a little in forfeited freedom of speech and opinion and, even more, in lost sense of humour. *Egalité* he did not find at all; *fraternité* he enjoyed greatly; of *liberté* he has little to say—but then, that is a bourgeois illusion. No book that has yet been published about Russia has succeeded so well as this in getting under the skin of Russian life as it is lived when the Ogpu man is not looking.

Storm Over Spain. By MAIRIN MITCHELL. *Secker and Warburg.* 6s.

Storm Over Spain will add fuel to no political controversies. Its author shows almost excessive caution in this respect. What she gives to the Left in one paragraph she restores, as far as may be, to the Right in the next. In this she is no doubt justified, for she travelled in Spain intent on finding there traces of her own country, Ireland, and with interests in Spanish music and regional dances. Yet since she is an Irishwoman, bred in an atmosphere of revolt against standardisation and tyranny, her sympathy with the Spanish people keeps breaking through. Books such as hers, because of the direct observation they contain, are of value. Miss Mitchell and her companion were in Spain from mid-April, 1936, until the autumn of that year. They thus experienced at first hand conditions under the Popular Front Government, and saw the outbreak of revolt and its first consequences. At the end of a book in which the attempt to be politically impartial is plain throughout, Miss Mitchell writes: "And the 'two average women' from their travels in Spain also knew that the worst of conditions under the weak Republican Government of Spain between February and July, 1936, were better than the conditions of Spain under a war started by those who rose up, whether to put an end to the existing weaknesses of that Government, or from genuine religious motives, or from base selfish ends."

African Hunter. By BROR VON BLIXEN-FINECKE. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

The author of this book is a Swede who has made his home in East Africa. He is a real animal lover, preferring the camera to the rifle. This is not surprising in a man who has kept as household pets a lion, a full-grown buffalo and even a hyena, finding the last-named faithful and intelligent, and more playful than any dog. He is equally at home with the shy pigmies of the Congo and with other natives who have only recently abandoned cannibalism—a practice he attributes to the scarcity of other meat in forest regions. "In the 'eighties the unhappy prisoners were sold quite openly in the market. As it was not certain that there would be buyers for a whole man, everyone made a chalk mark on the victim to show which part he wanted: and it might be days before the man was fully subscribed and sold out." There is a good chapter on the Masai, and others describing expeditions in the Sahara and to Lake Chad. This is an interesting, amusing and informative book, and it is not often that such adjectives can be applied to this type of autobiography.

Prosperity and Depression: A Theoretical Analysis of Cyclical Movements. By GOTTFRIED VON HABERLER. *League of Nations,* Geneva. 7s. 6d.

This is a remarkable and valuable piece of work. During the critical years, 1930 to 1932, it was fashionable to pour some scorn upon the febrile argumentations of economists whose disputes appeared to render any constructive interpretation of the trade cycle a lost cause. Since then there has been time for reflection and synthesis. Dr. Haberler here presents a useful attempt to discover elements in common between the various theories of the day and to discover common errors which may be rejected. His procedure was to make a tentative interpretation of the views of each school; then to submit his interpretations, in draft form, to the writers concerned, and to gather from them further suggestions and amendments. The result, perhaps contrary to one's expectations, is a work of clear excellence. It is the work of one who is an acknowledged master, not only of trade cycle theory, but of economic statistics also. It will be of use to all economists, as well as to others who wish to discover what the contemporary disputations are actually about.

Week-end Competitions

No. 409

Set by Allan Laing

The usual prizes are offered for a pair of the wittiest, wickedest personal Clerihews for despatch as a sort of greeting card to any famous, notorious or well-known person. The verses must, of course, be the competitor's own work, and it is not perhaps superfluous to add that it is possible to be wicked and witty without being libellous.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 14.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 405

Set by Maurice Richardson

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a typical paragraph from a Life of Boswell by Johnson.

Report by Maurice Richardson

Perhaps this was rather a boring competition; anyway it was most unpopular, and there isn't much to report about. I had hoped that the imaginary biographers would have been full of bitterest execrations, but nearly all the few entries were hideously dull and fairminded. Nobody really deserves a prize, and if this weren't the New Year nobody would get one. As it is, I shall give the first prize to Richard Pennington for a competent piece of Johnsonian prose, and incidentally very beautiful handwriting. Second prize to R. D. C.

THE CHARACTER OF BOSWELL

It is not possible for the candid biographer to assert that his conduct in London was at all times consistent with Christian principles. But who among the meretricious distractions of the metropolis can escape unscathed? It affords some satisfaction to reflect that if his lapses were flagrant his repentances were sincere; and few men have combined such consciousness of rectitude with so many divagations from its pursuit.

His natural gifts were wasted by diffusion and too often impaired by application to the grosser pleasures. Failing in any original achievement, he was content to transmit the affairs of others to posterity; and being a man of easy familiarity with the learned and the great he allowed little to elude the vigilance of his observation or the malice of his pen.

He was of a race that by nature possesses no qualities to endear it to foreigners; but long residence among the polite society of London had mitigated much of the northern coarseness and qualified him to be the friend of Reynolds and the intimate of Beauclerk. He did not so much attract by the lustre of his conversation, which was discursive rather than deep, as by the cordiality of his spirits. Mirth is more contagious than melancholy; and he who can disseminate pleasure will not lack friends. He carried no valuable freight of ideas and could make no substantial contribution to talk; but he had the art of imparting momentum to it, as a horse will give motion to a coach without sharing the discourse inside. RICHARD PENNINGTON

Boswell's worst faults were those of vanity and idleness. Of his wenching and drunkenness I will say no more than that these are vices common to very many who are yet insensible to the deep repentance which invariably followed his excesses. He had the character of a weak man: he knew his failings, but had not the strength which would have enabled him to resist them with success; so that it may seem strange that he was able to obtain the friendship and esteem of many wiser and better than himself. Yet the faults which in another would have repelled were redeemed in him by his amiability, and became him better than other men's virtues. Even his vanity in his barbarous Scotch descent, and his excessive regard for his own dignity, were the occasion of little but amusement among the associates of one so easily put out of countenance. His true goodness and not inconsiderable capacity were, in fact, incompletely concealed by his commonly ridiculous and occasionally debauched appearance, and were most readily seen in his long devotion to true merit and learning even in circumstances painful to a gentleman of distinguished Scotch family. I may truly say that an association begun in levity and the mere hope of diversion led me finally to hold Boswell not only in affection but also in respect; from the infrequent companion of my lighter hours he became the necessary friend of my most solemn moments.—Johnson's *Life of Boswell*, Chap. iii.

R. D. C.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 406

Set by Roger Marvell

We offer prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea for the best epigram on the year 1937 (in not more than four lines).

Report by Roger Marvell

There was a large field for this competition: evidently it was thought easy to compose an epigram. But this view is not confirmed by the results. Several competitors had a good idea or one good line. But the flawlessness required of an epigram was nowhere apparent. Hardly anyone had a good word to say for 1937, and it was a relief to come upon E. Meldrum, whose theme is that, bad as the year was, it brought his Chloe to his arms. J. H. Hughesden broke into Latin: "Distribuit caelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis." Ivan Sheldon was more concise than sharp with:

The only good that I can see
Is that less were born to misery.

Little Billee, W. R. Y., Mervyn Horder and W. A. Rathby were others that were well up at Tattenham Corner. William Bliss sent three epigrams, none of them good all through. Here is the best:

Stalemate in Spain: Russia just bloody: and Japan
Wrestling "all in" with China, "catch-as-can."
Britain alone is happy and content,
For unemployment's down by one per cent.

Allan M. Laing is better:

Nineteen-thirty-seven
Gave us no glimpse of heaven:
But at least it turned our eyes
To the skies.

(This would, I think, have been improved by substituting "It only" for "But at least.") A. P. R.'s epigram is very felicitous, but is slightly disfigured by the epithet "rotten" in the second line.

Domine, Non Nobis.

And now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten jaws of death—
We, who are neither red nor black nor yellow
Sigh empty prayers with olive-bitter breath.

I recommend that the two prizes be divided between A. P. R. and Allan M. Laing

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 407

Set by T. W. Earp

We offer prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea for the two best letters, of not more than 250 words, from a primitive African tribesman, who yet commands the English language, describing his impressions of a Christmas party attended by him on a visit here.

Report by T. W. Earp

Alas, it is a sorry tale. The competition seemed not unpromising at its setting, yet the paucity of entries must have created a negative record, and their quality really forbids a prize. The brightest spark came from Des Esseintes, with regard to crackers—"Evil spirits are frightened away by small charges of explosives"—and to fancy goods—"That is, objects imaginative rather than practical." But, on the whole, he sent too serious a study in anthropology. Possibly the competition owes its collapse to Christmas being more a matter of anticipation and fulfilment than of retrospect. Did Scrooge's conversion indeed endure far beyond Boxing Day? At any rate, Dickens composed his little works of Christmas-propaganda well in advance, and we still need an author who shall reconcile us to January. The few entries received hinted aftermath, if not foreboding. It may be, too, that the idea of our tribesman not rushing back to Africa, as soon as winter started, was too much to imagine. But competitors may be reassured. He has now rejoined his fellow-shades, he has gone for good, and his impressions of the Boat Race, the Derby, or the Test Match will not be demanded in puzzles to come.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 262.—PROMOTIONS AT PINHEAD

By A. J. Fisher

The new school year brings many changes, nor was this less apparent than usual at Pinhead College at the beginning of last Christmas Term. For one-third of the old Sixth Form had left; a third of the old Upper Fifth had left also, and the remainder were now promoted to the Sixth. Of the Lower Fifth half had left in July, and the rest were promoted except for six who stayed down for another shot at the Schools Certificate. In the Remove, too, one-fifth had left, and all but eight of the rest had moved up; of the Fourth, however, only five had left, and two-fifths of the remainder missed promotion and stayed to welcome those who came up from the Third, in which none left and all but a fifteenth were promoted.

The strength of each Form in numbers was not much changed, except for the Remove, which was likely to fill up by promotions during the year. For example: the Upper Fifth was one less than in July and the Lower Fifth one more. The Remove was one less than the Lower Fifth, while in July it had been eighteen more. The Fourth only showed an increase of eight: the number of boys not promoted from the Fourth was the same as the number that left from the Lower Fifth. As for the Third, it was five less than the Sixth, but two more than the Sixth had been in July, while the Third in July had been ten more than the Upper Fifth was in September.

Then, of course, there were new boys in the Forms up to the Lower Fifth, which was allotted a quarter of the number placed in the Remove.

How many boys were there in the School in September, and how many of these were new boys?

PROBLEM 260.—CRUISERS, LTD.

Solution by B. J. Wakley

In the first year 13 *cruisers were sold; in the second,* 14*; in the third,* 18*; in the fourth,* 14*; and in the fifth,* 13.

It must obviously be assumed that all the eight men sold at least one cruiser each per year; otherwise there would be dozens of solutions possible. Assuming this, we get five different ways of making up 9 with five figures; namely, 51111, 42111, 33111, 32211, 22221. These give altogether 70 different combinations, which when totalled up and multiplied by 12345, as the case may be, give numbers between 19 and 35. Only one number, 27, gives eight different combinations, so the total money earned by each was £27,000; and the results of each year were:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.
A.	1	1	5	1	1
B.	3	1	1	1	3
C.	1	3	1	3	1
D.	1	3	2	1	2
E.	2	1	3	1	2
F.	1	2	3	2	1
G.	2	1	2	3	1
H.	2	2	1	2	2
	13	14	18	14	13

[Sorry I omitted to state explicitly that each of these chaps sells at least one cruiser a year—which, of course, was present in my mind as a datum. Nearly everyone, however, has made this assumption, and arrived at the solution as above.]

PROBLEM 259.—THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

Solution by David Dempster

There were three groups containing three, six, and eight counties.

Solution: It is soon seen that there are 17 counties.

Since the maximum number of matches under Googly's system is an odd number, it follows that under this system some teams play some other teams once only.

It is found that the system is to divide the counties into three groups; each team plays each other team in the same group twice, and the teams in the other groups once only. A group must consist of at least three teams.

Group arrangements.			Total Matches.	
3	3	11	197	
3	4	10	190	
3	5	9	185	
3	6	8	182	
3	7	7	181	Ten possibilities.
4	4	9	184	
4	5	8	180	
4	6	7	178	
5	5	7	177	
5	6	6	176	

And so the groups contain 3, 6, and 8 counties.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: B. J. Wakley, 15a Brechin Place, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 258.—THE TAXI

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: L. A. Cresswell, 98 Fishergate Hill, Preston, Lancs.

Six points are awarded.

My best thanks, and good wishes, to several solvers who were kind enough to send me Christmas greetings.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

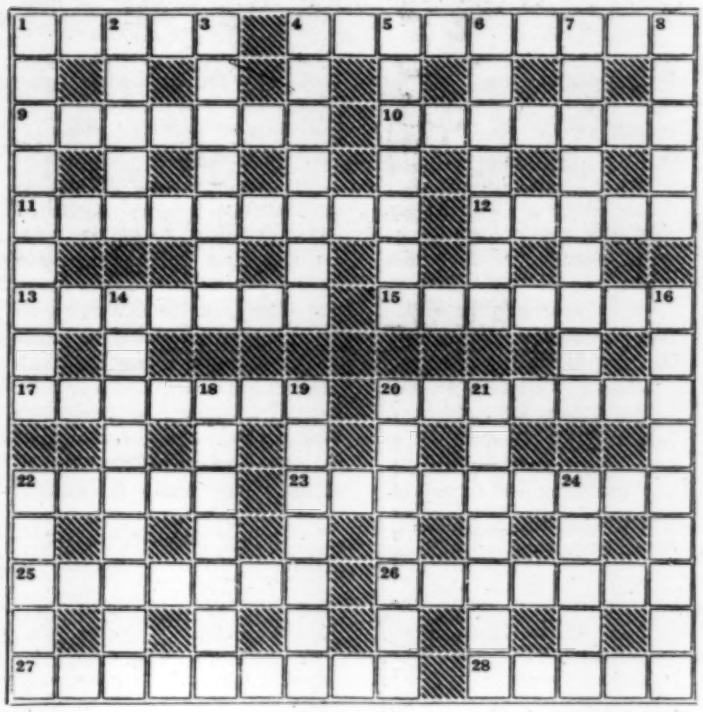
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 409

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

J. H. G. Gibbs, Fosters, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex

ACROSS

1. Kicking horses perhaps. (5)
4. They hold the top dressing when not in use. (9)
9. You find me involved in a train accident. (7)
10. How the inmates got there. (7)
11. Would he lift your car at bargain price? (9)
12. Product of the chase. (5)
13. Said the absolutely last word? (7)
15. Eid. (7)
17. Imposition of the period of the giants? (7)
20. Gilbert christened it Dick. (7)
22. You might get the entree in this setting. (5)
23. A corn razor? (9)
25. Byronic privateer. (7)
26. This fellow always produces the same rot. (7)
27. No doubt what one has if one hacks inexpensively. (9)
28. Does its noise lure men to work? (5)

DOWN

1. Where stern justice is administered at play no doubt. (9)
2. Sheet for an offensive soldier. (5)
3. Mine is a deep wartime worker. (7)
4. Street musicians who invite donations in the usual way? (7)
5. What the Boers did greatly in 1836. (7)
6. Speed of a little bird. (7)
7. An Arctic wrap? (9)
8. Laughingly held, both of them. (5)
14. Vegetarian variety of turtle pie. (9)
16. Beknighted people must do this of course. (9)
18. Does it partly illuminate the circumference? (7)
19 Will be found hidden for certain. (7)
20. Should be trodden underfoot by all entrants. (7)
21. Questionable results as a rule. (7)
22. You must drink this up. (5)
24. A beast of a river. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	A	S	H	■	I	V	O	R	Y	C	O	A	S	T
R	■	L	■	■	I	■	E	■	H	■	N	■	U	■
O	L	E	I	C	■	N	O	S	E	R	I	N	G	S
S	■	E	■	H	S	■	A	■	T	■	I	■	O	K
S	U	P	E	R	F	L	U	O	U	S	L	Y	■	■
R	■	W	■	I	■	I	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	D
O	V	E	R	S	E	A	■	E	L	M	T	R	E	E
A	■	L	■	T	■	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	E	■
D	A	L	L	I	E	S	■	C	A	S	T	S	U	P
S	■	■	■	A	■	T	■	H	■	R	■	T	■	S
■	■	W	I	N	T	E	R	A	C	O	N	I	T	E
F	■	A	■	Y	■	W	■	G	■	S	■	V	■	A
R	E	D	P	E	P	P	E	R	■	E	R	E	C	T
A	■	E	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	■	■	L	■	E
U	N	D	E	R	S	T	A	N	D	■	D	Y	A	D

OPERA

PEOPLE'S PALACE, Mile End.
ROYAL CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY
Three weeks' season, commencing 17th January. First week's programme: Monday, RIGOLETTO; Tuesday, MADAM BUTTERFLY; Wednesday, TALES OF HOFFMAN; Thursday, DIE FLEDERMAUS; Friday, LA TRAVIATA; Sat. Mat., FAUST; Sat. Eve., CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and I PAGLIACCI. Res. 2s. to 5s. ADVance 2777. Eve. 8.0. Mat. 2.30.

PERSONAL

WORLD TOUR—Man (25), starting June with £150 Interest, Anthropology. Like companion, similar cash and tastes. COLES, 26 Faircross Mansions, Barking, Essex.

BACHELOR, 24, invites Gentleman 20-28 to share his modern W.C.1. Flat. Box 275, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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EASTER CRUISE
April 5th-24th, 1938
GREECE—TURKEY—ITALY.
Beautiful islands, magnificent scenery, unusual wild flowers, brilliant sunshine, bathing in turquoise sea. . . VENICE, OLYMPIA, SPARTA, ATHENS, DELOS, TENOS, MYCENAE, EPIDAURUS, PERGAMOS, TROY, CONSTANTINOPLE, SAMOTHRACE, DELPHI, NAPLES ROME.
From 29 to 80 gns., including return rail fare London to Venice, meals en route, hotel accommodation in Italy, all excursions, etc. NO EXTRAS.
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PERSONAL—continued

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IF you prefer to look like yourself rather than Marlene Dietrich or Gary Cooper at 19, you can come to be photographed by Anthony Panting with confidence. My studio at 5 Paddington St. is convenient, on 153 bus route, mid-way between Regent's Park and Baker St. tube stations, and my charges are quite cheap (2 gns. minimum). Phone Welbeck 4950.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

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GLASS Breaks! Use Windolite! The British glass substitute which admits ultra-violet rays. Light, flexible, unbreakable. Easy to cut and fix. In rolls 3ft. wide, at 4s. 6d. a yard. Send for a Free Sample to the Manufacturers, WINDOLITE, LTD. (Dept. N.S.), Harlow, Essex.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 63 of this issue.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

EXCEPTIONALLY attract. small modern house—week-end or residence—with charming little garden, in unspoilt Chilterns, oppos. Whiteleaf Golf Links; 5 rms., bath, w.c., Coys. water, elec. Freehold; £850. MRS. QUICKE, Princes Risborough.

SURREY. Facing Kingswood Common, 1 mile Walton Heath Golf Links, 17 miles London. Charming freehold house in this beautiful sit; 6 rms., 2 very large. Bath, w.c., Coys. water, elect., gas; 2 garages. £1,050. Box 274, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BACHELOR FLAT, WESTMINSTER. Exceptionally attractive, in a quiet but central situation; 1 bedroom, bath, 1 reception room; roof garden; furnished 6 or 12 months or unfurnished. Apply GEO. TROLLOPE & SONS, 12 Victoria Street, S.W.1. Tel.: WHI. 3881-2.

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UNFURNISHED. Two rooms, 35s., looking South, Primrose Hill; or top flat, share Maisonette (Studio), 37s. 6d. weekly. DR. WILMSEN, 32 Elsworthy Road, N.W.3. Pri. 2787.

SMALL bright study-bedroom, furnished, c.h.w., service, 18s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

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ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Large furnished balcony flatlet, overlooking beautiful square. 27s. 6d. weekly. 30 Alma Square. N.W.8. MAI. 5052.

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WANTED. Unfurnished room, use of bathroom. Bloomsbury. Box 272, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED.—Mews flat, unfurn, preferably without garage, low rent. SHAW, 3 Devonport Street, W.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

INVESTMENT POLICY FOR 1938—SILVER—NEWSPRINT SHARES

MOST investors watched their markets in the first week of the New Year with a good deal of trepidation, but on the whole they had no reason to complain. The firmness of the gilt-edged market indicated that no alarm is being felt about the next Budget, the rise in South African gold shares (ex the dividends) suggested that the gold scare went out with the old year, and the excellent interim dividend of the Shell Transport and Trading Company (7½ per cent. tax free on the increased capital) was a reminder that a satisfactory dividend season is approaching. Some apprehension is still being felt, however, over American developments. The rise in Wall Street which followed Mr. Roosevelt's speech to Congress was partly due to bear covering and partly to the sense of relief that he had not been so offensive to big business as his Assistant Attorney-General or his Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes. One theory is that Mr. Roosevelt put up his lieutenants to make aggressive speeches to see how the country reacted and that when the country appeared sick and tired of the Government *v.* Big Business fight, Mr. Roosevelt moderated his tone. Another theory is that Mr. Roosevelt is reserving his blast against the monopolists and the "selfish minority" among business men for his speech on Saturday. Certainly, he said nothing helpful for the "bulls" in his speech to Congress, for he merely promised a Bill to deal with Government relations with business and so added to the uncertainty. Wall Street may, therefore, continue to swing up and down on sentiment while the business statistics deteriorate. I like Mr. Angas's headline to his latest digest—"The Tangled Intestines of Re-Recovery." I doubt whether the "Re-Recovery" has got any guts at all.

* * *

What is to be the investment policy for equity shares this year? It is idle for the investor to bewail the fact that he did not sell British Oxygen shares last year at 138*s.* 9*d.* before their 40 per cent. fall, or Murex at £10 before they fell 55 per cent., or Rolls-Royce at 181*s.* 3*d.* before they fell 50 per cent. Even sound investment shares last year depreciated in market value quite heavily—for example, Imperial Tobacco by 20 per cent., Woolworth by 27½ per cent., Marks and Spencer by 35 per cent., and Turner and Newall by 25½ per cent. Every investor has been hit and it only remains to try to avoid suffering a further loss this year. I suggest that in general British equity shares with a good dividend record can safely be bought for income purposes where the yield is between 5 per cent. and 6 per cent., but no equities should now be held with a yield of under 4½ per cent. on mere "development" prospects. Among the vulnerable shares I would include motors, with the possible exception of Morris Motors. The oil and cement groups I would regard as fairly safe, particularly as yields of 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. can be obtained on first-class shares, but I see nothing attractive in steel shares unless they yield from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., and even then only for a short term. I am not one of those who favour speculative commodity or export shares for capital appreciation, for the risks appear too great. If an investor hankers after a commodity interest, let him buy the shares of the South African finance houses which have investments in copper and tin as well as gold. If capital appreciation is particularly desired, then I suggest the investor should pluck up his courage and go to Wall Street. The following list is my selection of equity shares for income purposes:

	Price.	Last Year's Div.	Gross Yield per cent.
British American Tobacco ..	5⅜	21¼*	£5 5 6
Turner and Newall	4 15/16	20	4 18 0†
Assoc. Portland Cement ..	4⅜	22½	5 2 6
Burmah Oil	5⅞	27½	5 0 9†
Tube Investments	83/9	23¾	5 13 6
Stavely Coal and Iron ..	56/9	12½*	5 17 6

* Tax free. † Adjusted for deduction of income tax at a reduced rate.

* * *

My forecast, some weeks ago, that the end of 1937 would witness a reduction in the U.S. Treasury's purchase price for domestic silver, but that its buying price for foreign silver would remain unaltered, has proved correct. Foreign silver still fetches 44¾ cents per ounce in New York, and the agreements with Mexico and Canada have been renewed for a year on the same terms as before. The domestic price has been reduced from 77.57 cents to 64.64 cents per ounce—the level at which it stood before its value was pushed up by the speculation which the Silver Purchase Act engendered. To this extent the President has overridden the powerful "silver lobby" in Congress; but the domestic mines, who are still to receive a bonus of nearly 45 per cent. in excess of the world price, are not doing too badly. It is difficult indeed to find any economic justification for this subsidy. A section of inflationary opinion in America still doubtless hopes to achieve its aim *via* accumulation of silver—leading to issues of silver dollars and certificates—in the Treasury. Actually the Government could offset any conceivable influx of silver by sterilising part of the gold reserves or selling gold against silver imports. The belief in the inflationary virtues of silver is childlike, but the U.S. producers have exploited popular illusions to good purpose.

* * *

Holders of units in Bowater's Paper Mills, now quoted around 15*s.*, were discouraged from undue optimism by the Chairman at last week's annual meeting. Mr. E. V. Bowater emphasised the magnitude of the rise in the cost of the company's raw materials—100 per cent. and 130 per cent. respectively in the cases of ground-wood and sulphite pulp—and, notwithstanding the increase of 30*s.* per ton for 1938 newsprint contracts conceded by Bowater's newspaper customers, he held out no hopes of a distribution on the equity capital this year. Taking a longer view, the units do not seem over-valued as a lock-up for the patient investor (they were over 40*s.* at one time last year), but, for the speculatively inclined, there seems more to go for at the moment in Canadian newsprint shares. Price Brothers have fallen from a 1937 "high" of $53 to $15, Consolidated Paper from $24 to $6½, and Donnaconna "A" from $19½ to $6½. The shares are a tricky market, not suitable for the widow and orphan; and, though production in 1937 has been near capacity, costs have risen. Nevertheless, with the New York newsprint price at $50, earnings should justify a recovery in values unless recession in the U.S.A. reaches a point at which advertising volume and newsprint consumption are greatly curtailed.

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Full particulars may be obtained and Bank-Insurance Units may be bought or sold at any time, free of commission and stamp duty, through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¾% to 4%. Price of Bank-Insurance Units, 4th Jan., 19s. 9d.

TRUST *of* BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

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MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
Chairman: The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C.
30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3
MANSION HOUSE 5467

McN902/5

STOP THAT COLD
before it becomes dangerous

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Neglected colds open the door to Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and other troublesome and dangerous ailments. Used when the first symptoms of a cold appear, Vapex will stop it quickly and safely. If you have let your cold develop, Vapex will shorten the duration of the attack.

Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over twenty years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

Where colds are caught

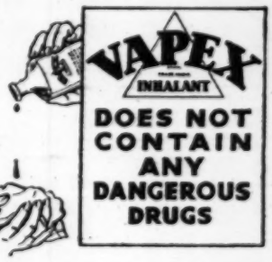
—in cinemas, theatres and public halls — in train, tram, 'bus and tube, infection is spread by those who will not stay at home with their colds. Vapex will protect you all day and every day. Germs are everywhere, so take Vapex everywhere. Simply breathe the vapour from your handkerchief.

In the office, too—

one thoughtless member of the staff brings a cold along to everybody's danger. Vapex will ward off "other people's colds." Use it regularly.

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

In the warm recesses of the nose and throat the germs of the common cold lurk and multiply with unbelievable swiftness. Science knows many ways of destroying them, but there is none so pleasant or so safe as Vapex, sprinkled on the handkerchief or the pillow and breathed freely.



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Vapex is so potent that it actually gains in strength after exposure to the air and a single sprinkling gives all day or all night relief.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM A HOTEL MANAGER

"My doctor advised Vapex and now the whole staff use it at the first tickle in the throat. Last winter we did not have one serious cold."

—Hotel, London, W.2

V169

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Studington Coats for Men or Women From 3 Guineas.

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